THE

English Orator

OR

Rhetorical Descants

By way of

DECLAMATION

Upon some notable

THEMES

BOTH

Historical and Philosophical.

In Two Parts.

LONDON,

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To the Right Worſhipful Sir *Francis Leigh* Knight, of *Wickham* in *Kent.*

Honour'd Sir,

THE firſt Proſpect of your Perſon, methoughts, preſented me with ſuch a Landskip of Candor and Ingenuity, of ſuch ſweetneſs of Diſpoſition and native Goodneſs, as that I preſently began not only to admire the Scene of your Accompliſhments, but paſſionately to be raviſht with the Love of them. The ſecret charms of I know not what Excellency (Ethicks her ſelf can't give it a name) that runs through and adorns the whole frame and courſe of your Life and Being, did ſo captivate and affect me, as that I wiſht I might be ſo happy as to enjoy the Mercy of your Worthy Acquaintance; and to live under the influence of ſo much Vertue, I wiſh't I might be bleſt with an opportunity of expreſſing the Religion of that Homage and Ser-

vice, which I owe to you; and of presenting you with somewhat as a Pledge and Emblem of the profoundest Esteem, and most devout Affection I bear towards you: And indeed Providence hath been so propitious as to answer my desires, in occasionally fixing me sometimes near you, and in placing me within the Verge of that Paradise, which your Presence Consecrates where ever it is; so that I have often been ennobled, nay almost deified in the Elisium *of your Company, have become learned by your Converse, have grown Prudent by your Example, have been maintained at your Table, have been feasted with Civilities both from your Person and Fortune, and have enjoyed the Favours of all your circumstances and capacities; For which I return you an Eternity of Thanks. Neither am I unsuccessful in my second Prayers, Fortune having put into mine hands an opportunity, whereby I am capacitated to put somewhat into yours; I mean this inconsiderable trifle, which I do not Dedicate as a Present to requite you, but rather as a Toy to play withall, and to divert you. I hope you will pardon the Solecism, and Impropriety of the Gift, for I must confess I am sensible of mine Errour in Prefacing with so stately a Frontispeice so mean an Edifice; I mean in prefixing your name to so poor a Pamphlet,*

Pamphlet, your more curious Ingenuity, large Capacity, and univerſal Accompliſhments in more ſolid Learning, I know deſerve a treatment of the Quintenſence and Elixirs of choicer Muſes: I am not ignorant, that knotty Maxims of Policy, ſubtleties of Government, and Intrigues of State; a miſtery in Divinity, and ſublimer Speculations are more ſuitable Entertainments to the Acuteneſs of your Parts, the Swiftneſs of your Apprehenſion and Penetration of your Judgment; But when I conſider that you have advanc't ſo far in all Art and Science, as that the utmoſt of my Studies can't contribute one thought to further your Progreſs. I ſay, ſeeing I cannot inform you, humbly crave leave with theſe Toys to recreate you. They were the Spawn and Iſſue of ſome ſpare hours, and are fit only for the Entertainment of idle time; 'tis not handſome nor modiſh for me to commend them; only thus much I think I may ſafely ſay, if you are inclin'd to ſleep, their lulling Quality will be Poppy *to your temples, and may procure a nod as ſoon perhaps, as the greateſt* Narcotick, *which if it does effect, it will do you a kindneſs, in removing you from the noiſe of a tumultuous world, and in relieving you with the eaſe and ſofineſs of a ſilent ſlumber. I now withdraw from your preſence to prevent the creation of a further*

further trouble. All that I deſire, is a Candid acceptance of what is here tender'd; which if you ſhall graciouſly receive as a meer teſtimony of my gratefull reſpects for all Favours, without any further deſign on your Worth and Goodneſs, I am at the heights of mine Ambition, and have obtained the end of my preſent Addreſſes. I am

Honour'd Sir

Helmdon.

Your moſt Humbly

Devoted Servant

William Richards.

THE

THE Preface TO THE READER.

I *Present thee (most Courteous Reader!) with a Manual of Thoughts on Miscellaneous Subjects. They were hatcht in the retirements of a Country Cell, and now fly abroad into the world, not so much to boast the paint of their Plumes and Elegancy of their dress, as the newness of their garb and habit, wherein they appear; there being nothing extant of this Nature in English, we being wholly destitute of Declamations in our Language. I must confess there can be no great want, or thirst of Oratory, as long as* Quintilian *and* Seneca *among the Ancients;* Putean, Ferrarius, Gardiner *and others of a later*

later date, have oblig'd the world with ſuch Eloquent Streams; But yet their Rhetorick flowing in a Latine Channel, all are not capable of drinking in their Current. But this Tractate is calculated for Readers of a lower rank, and yet affords briſk Entertainment for thoſe of an higher. 'Tis written in a modern Style, and is exactly compoſed after the ſame model as uſually harangues of this nature are now adays. The firſt Part are flouriſhes on certain Paſſages, which occur in Hiſtory; ſome of which Fancy hath adorned with her Conceits on both ſides, others on one ſide, ſhe hath left untouch't and naked: The latter are Meditations on ſeveral Queſtions in Ethicks, Politicks and Natural Philoſophy, as I occaſionally pop't upon them, and they have pleaſed my Genius. If what I have garniſht them with, pleaſe your palat, the Kind Acceptance of this firſt diſh, will encourage me to treat you with a ſecond Courſe.

W. R.

THE

THE English Orator.

DECLAM. I.

A certain Damſel reduc'd to want, ſells her Hair to relieve her in her Poverty.

IF no reproach can ſully the brightneſs, nor eclipſe the glory of ſhining Vertue; if the calumny that perſecutes a famous Exploit, add to the Praiſe of him that atchiev'd it, Then our Virgin amongſt the diſtracting cares of pinching Poverty, congratulates the cenſure of that action, by which ſhe ſhew'd her ſelf more than Woman. 'Twould have made the Modeſty of a Maid to Bluſh, ſo publickly to be ex-

poſ'd to the view of the world, but that ſhe is inflam'd with that ſacred Ardor, which is kindled in the Breaſt of pious Matrons, when concern'd and zealous for the injur'd Fame of their traduc'd Innocence.

On her own accord ſhe ſues for Judgment, not as if conſcious to her ſelf, ſhe did at all fear, leaſt ſilence ſhould ſpeak her guilty; But that ſhe might publickly wipe off all Aſperſions, and might comfortably enjoy her Accuſation: ſhe had no need of an Advocate to defend the ſale of her comly treſſes, her hard Fortune was plea ſufficient, and ſhe is abundantly protected by her chaſt Integrity.

This wretched Damſel in this ſad condition could neither hope for Hatred, nor expect Envy; ſhe ſuppos'd her miſeries a charm againſt the malignity of the ſevereſt Fortune, and her obſcurity a ſanctuary againſt any harm; and therefore doth at once both wonder, and grieve too, that ſhe is ſummoned to a Tribunal; as if ſhe were encircled with a Crown of Happineſs, or were an object worthy of Spleen and Malice. This poor Girl implores your pity, both on her ſlender Eſtate and her Baldneſs too; which was not caus'd by ſlothful age, or feeble luſt, but was inflicted upon her by ravenous hunger and

and the mercileſs tyranny of cruel deſtiny, ſhe was diſtreſs'd in her infancy, and felt the rigor of Fortune in her very cradle; where ſhe ſeem'd at once with the ſame cry both to deprecate her nakedneſs and lament it too.

Her miſeries increas'd as ſhe grew in years; and Poverty (as it were) was equally adult with her perſon too. What ſhould this Virgin do ſo miſerably involv'd in ſo great Evils? Her extremity render her labour and induſtry vain and fruitleſs; and ſuch a Lent of faſting had whither'd the Spring of her blooming youth into the Autumnal decays of wrinckled age. After ſhe had a long time ſtriven, and all in vain, with theſe her ſtubborn and obſtinate troubles. At length ſhe finds out ſome little redreſs for all her grievance, and an innocent remedy for her urgent neceſſity; ſhe cuts off her locks to ſupply her wants. And indeed in ſo preſſing a calamity, ſhe was glad to find any thing that was vendible, any thing that could refreſh the languors, and ſtrengthen the weakneſs of her feeble limbs, and by a ſhort truce prevent the invaſion of approaching death. If it be lawful with any price to bribe off deſtruction, and with all arts imaginable to purchaſe the comforts of preſent life, Then, why is this Damſel cenſur'd for a

little deferring her fatal blow, and for redeeming with ſpoils of her own body the delights and Pleaſures of a few days. Although loſs of Hair is an unhandſome defect in the female Sex, yet where is the woman, that ſtudies her dreſs, or regards gallantry amidſt the dubious concerns of an uncertain life, and the expected horrors of almoſt preſent death? Affected neatneſs and curioſity of attire, is quite neglected, when the pale fiend advanceth forward, in a frightful garb of his own terrors darting himſelf in a glance or look. Want of Hair is far more tolerable than want of Bread; and Baldneſs to be preferr'd before Hunger, and the continual languors of a ſtarv'd carkaſs. 'Tis far more pleaſant to have no Hair than to dye by degrees, and to periſh inſenſibly by piece-meal, and tediouſly to depart, and (as it were) after repeated Funerals to breath her laſt. Though a naked head in a wench is ſcandalous, yet why ſhould diſgraces vex her? 'Tis Revenge enough to ſee her pale, and to hear the accents of her mournful groans.

Suffer therefore this unhappy Virgin to enjoy the benefit of her baldneſs, and let her live in her own puniſhment. See! The woods are depriv'd of their leaves and ornaments,

ments, and the *Dryades* ſuffer (as it were) an annual baldneſs for the better increaſe of their inward vigor, and that under the pretence and ſhew of age, they may reſume and flouriſh in a freſher verdure, and boaſt the elegance and flower of their retriv'd youth; ſhe cares not for Deformity, Infamy, nor her Religion neither, ſo long as hunger (like an Enemy) forrages within making men *Cannibals* to themſelves, and (O horrible!) devouring the prey of their own members. When Famine had added terror to her eyes, and you might have contemplated her ſtiff joints, and bloodleſs cheeks, you would have ſtood amaz'd at the ſight ofthis Ghoſt of a carcaſs; eſpecially to have ſeen, amidſt the ugly ſhapes, and figures of death, the diſchevell'd wantonneſs of her looſe treſſes, nouriſht by the horror and dread of Fate, and produc'd by ſquallid Contagion and Putrefaction.

We have here an excellent Example of rare Prudence, and an admirable pattern of ſingular Virtue. Behold! an unhappy Laſs amids the Inconveniences of a Cottage, and other hardſhips of an adverſe Fortune deſpiſeth the blandiſhments, and flatteries of the world; nay more, contemns that, which either Hunger or Want ought to have deſir'd, ſhe ſuffered that which the women of *Aquileia* had

done before her, who amidſt the ravenings of War, and Famine, pol'd their heads, not becauſe grief or deſpair, but danger commands them to make hairy bowſtrings.

Our poor Girl hath ſuffer'd war, hath endur'd famin, yet hath return'd with equal Victory: If therefore you will ſtill go on to condemn her baldneſs, why do you not condemn her chaſtity too? and cenſure the Emblem of the greateſt Modeſty? ſhe could not behold her deformity with a greater diſlike than her attempted Virginity; and a ſollicitation to diſhoneſty was in her Judgement capital. She ſhaves her head, ſells her hair, leſt her poverty ſhould tempt her to become a proſtitute; and ſo by the damage of her beauty prevents her infamy; Pardon therefore the fall and loſs of thoſe locks, which if kept any longer, had prov'd fatal to her Virtue! Pardon that ſhe ſold them, which was not ſo much to prolong her life, as before a Tribubunal to give the reaſon of that her Action. She humbly implores you, to let her enjoy the innocence of her calamity, and alſo the comforts of Poverty, Baldneſs, and Chaſtity.

DECLAM.

DECLAM. II.

Against the Girl that cut off her Hair to relieve her want.

I Pray do not think that I being a yong man do willingly accuſe this fair Maid, who beſides is young and tender, and had ſhe not loſt her Hair is a beauty too. There lies a neceſſity upon me of undertaking this ungrateful Province. Behold this wretched young wench every way ſurrounded with the greateſt extremity! 'Tis true indeed, ſhe is ſufficiently embelliſh'd with the endowments of nature, but poorly furniſh't (God wot) with the gifts of Fortune; being far better adorn'd with beauty, than enrich't with an Eſtate; ſhe hath a cheſt indeed, but ſmall and empty. But though Fortune heaps no gold in her coffer, yet Nature hath ſhed it upon her Hair. But ſee! at length this blind Goddeſs ſends her gifts, but I fear on hooks, and ſo baits the Damſel with her deceitful preſents. The ſilly Girl receives with one hand the boons of Fortune, and beſtows with

the other the goods of Nature; she takes the money, and gives her hair.

But (alas!) of how little value are these dangling tresses, those superfluous threds of her troubled head, if compared with the omnipotence of sacred gold? 'Twas this opinion that deceiv'd the Virgin into such deformity, which she had rather richly endure with money, than poorly without it to enjoy her beauty entire: and her charms inviolable; as if one and the same could not be fair and needy; and as if the features of a woman were not a richer dowry, than *Attalick* wealth. Beauty doth that in the softer sex, which valour doth in the stronger; and as this doth ennoble the base, and advance them to a pitch of dignity and honour, so that doth raise the mean, and recommend them to the embraces of Kings and Princes. How vile therefore and what a nothing is a little modicum, a parcel of money, if standing in competition with the Divinity of beauty! This unfortunate Lass hath made such a swop as *Glaucus* in *Homer*, who chang'd away his gold foolishly for brass, and may deservedly be styl'd the very Proverb of stupidity.

But consider, (I pray) urgent necessity did press upon her: The reward of her hands could hardly defend her from the injuries of cold

cold and hunger; labour and diligence was all her poſſeſſion, and her whole revenue. But who diminiſheth that true wealth ſar to be preferred above *Perſian* riches? But what hurt is there in a ſhaven crown, though there is no money given for the filth and excrements of a naſty head? We confeſs our hair to be nothing elſe but the ſcurff and dregs of a cribrous head, ſtretch't and extended into ſlender threds; but the more vile the materials, the more admirable and exquiſite the skill and workmanſhip. The excellency of theſe above other locks doth evidently appear from the very deſires of him that buys them, which were greedy and pecuniary. Behold! how importunate his petitions! How vehement his wiſhes! and how eagerly doth he long for the poſſeſſion of them? For this very reaſon (O beneg'd Virgin!) becauſe he is ſo inſtant, deny his requeſt; for if fictitious creuck's add ſuch a grace to other heads what glories and prettineſſes muſt theſe ſcatter upon her neck, being never tranſplanted from their native ſoil, nor ever depriv'd of their natural elegance.

On this thy crime do thou thy ſelf paſs ſentence (O moſt indiſcreet Virgin!) Thou canſt not be acquitted by thy ſelf thy Judge. The richer mettal of thy golden hair thou haſt

chang'd

chang'd, and truck't for viler ſilver, and hat deliver'd that to the buyer, which might have been a credit and an ornament to the ſeller.— Beware therefore for the future of thine own glaſs; For that which even now did pleaſe thee with the lovely reflection of thy flattered Image now affright's thee with the mormo's, and repreſented horrours of thine ugly ſhapes: neither is there any reaſon why thou ſhouldſt expect a milder doom from our tribunal, whoſe candour, ſmiles, and expanded brow, your filthy baldneſs hath terrified and converted into contracted frowns.

DECLAM. III.

Tiberius *did well, in forbidding the Kindred of thoſe that were Condemned to Lament and Mourn.*

IF the ſacredneſs of Laws ought to be kept and preſerved inviolable; and if a domeſtick conſpirator is more dangerous than a forreign invader, then wicked ſighs breathed

thed out for criminals, are to be accus'd as guilty, and mourning weeds preſage as much the fate of the mourner, as the death of him for whom he griev's. Certainly the Emperour did well conſult the good of his Citizens who forbad and condemn'd both the rebellion, and impiety of thoſe groans and tears that were both utter'd and ſhed at a wicked funeral. That conſpiracy ought to be bury'd in the deepeſt ſilence, which, with a clamorous grief would recal the ſoul of an expiring Tyrant, repair the decays of waſted ſtrength, and with a new life reſtore freſh and more vigorous treacheries. It had been noble and generous at the death of a Captain, though an enemy, to perform ſuch funeral rites; which his ſouldiers would have celebrated with ſolemn pomp. Thus in vain the Heroe of old breath'd his ſoul into his gaſping companion, in vain he embrac't him, clos'd his eyes, and in vain he imbib'd his laſt breath: But when a villain dyes, let his neighbour fear, nay let his unhappy iſſue too, to ſuck and receive his laſt ſpirit, leſt the wretch ſhould bequeath in the legacy of a ſob his crimes and ſhould pant ſlaughter, and ſo after death live in his kindred ſtill a murderer; as mad dogs by biting and hags by kiſſing inſtill their poyſons, and leave a deadly dart on their friends

friends lips. Hence often it is that an innocent ſon poſſeſſing the ſoul of his damn'd father, inherits his vices and his puniſhments too.

The Deities would have us dumb and ſilent who with ſecret darts do ſcatter death, forbidding all noiſe, but their own thunder, and ſeeing no body that's guilty dies lamented by his neighbour, we muſt obey Fate; Thus one being ſmitten, the prudent herd conſulting its ſafety, deny's a refuge to the wounded Deer, and willingly comply's with the expert Archer to prevent the ſlaughter of more ſacrifices.

Grief trickling from Parents in ſuch liberal ſhowers, ſeems to ſuſpect the integrity of the Judge, and to accuſe the magiſtrate of injuſtice too, whilſt he is thought to be corrupt, and his power criminal. And indeed, well may ſuch tears affright, and terrify, which do patronize wickedneſs, and it's Authors too. Though they diſtil ſilently, and in their firſt drops diſcover only but feeble angers, but at length, when floods ſhall meet with floods, and Blaſts of ſighs are oppoſed by blaſts, then the deluge of ſorrow ſwells into complaints, and boils, and ferments into impotent revenge. The aſpect of theſe mourners grow fierce and cruel,

el, who execute with their looks, and murder the aſſertors of their own right. After ſuch mild ſeverity, and ſo calm a ſtorm, let it ſhame the Citizens to weep more! let them bluſh to grieve for dying treachery, and let not the out-cry of a conclamation, but more pleaſant noiſes attend the herſe! If a doleful mother always pregnant with a vitious brood, ſhould ſtill deplore her nefarious off-ſpring, in vain are priſons, and tribunals; where the Hypocriſie of grief, and counterfeit lamentations corrupt the fidelity and integrity both of Judge and witneſs; and ſo the guilty enjoy their ſuffrages, and ſo numerous Patrons of vice do expiate the crime.

If guilt be in ſo great eſteem, let the Guard be armed from a full priſon, and let the weeping City reduced and profligated by a rebellious Citizen, feel thoſe treacheries, of which the lamented villains were the Authors! and let it deplore the loſs of its robuſt vigor ſo plainly enfeebled by their ſtrength; Thus the ſwift Hart is griev'd at his horns, when their unprofitable weight does hinder flight, and when the uſeleſs burden of his branching head ſhall expoſe him as a prey to the cruel hunter. The condition of the Republick was more proſperous, and flouriſhing after the ſlaughter of theſe Citizens; For whilſt

whilſt friends do torment, and joyfully puniſh malefactors, the old contagion begins to languiſh, and that priſtine fury diſpers'd amongſt many dyes and determines in the author only: But if turgent ſorrow ſhall improve the fertility of growing impiety, and the poyſon that's nouriſh't in one member doth not only infect a ſingle man, but corrupt alſo the whole alliance, then the compaſſionate Father in vain laments his conſcious grief, the Mother in vain repents of her unjuſt ſorrow and that ſhe hath thus polluted her innocent tears, which deſerve to be puniſh't, not for her own, but only for the guilt of her condemn'd ſon. And thus, whilſt the ſame crime hath made them all equal, and they are as much ally'd by vice, as blood, let the whole family be accus'd, and the whole progeny be condemn'd! let no ſolemn honours confiſcate with his heritage attend his herſe; no funeral rites grace and adorn his prophane pile! Let not his condemned aſhes enjoy the repoſe of a quiet Urn! Let his carcaſs lye unburied, that as well dead as alive he may ſuffer puniſhment.

DECLAM.

DECLAM. IV.

The Carthaginians *did very ill, in crucifying a Captain unadvisedly waging war, though he returned with Victory.*

THough a reverent esteem is to be shewn to Laws, and the sanctions of the Countrey are not to be despised, yet 'tis unjust (methinks) to condemn to the cross this Captain, who so unwillingly did violate but one of these, and that meerly to defend the City, and all things besides, from the violence and injury of a furious enemy. Law-givers know not what a day may bring forth; their Constitutions and Decrees must give place a little when occasion shall require, the Prudence of the General is disregarded; lest, if the Magistrate should by a Gibbet deterr the Souldiers from conquering against their orders, they should so much fear capital punishment, as not to endeavour the safety of the Republick. How doth this Captain fluctuate,

ate, afflicted with the dubious fate of *Metius*, being on all ſides diſtracted by inſtant death! If he ſhould be conquer'd, he becomes a ſacrifice to the inſolence of his enemy; and ſo ruine and deſtruction muſt needs befall him; but if he triumphs, the croſs, a gibbet, and a more ignoble fate attends him. However he had rather try the clemency of noted *Carthage*, than expoſe himſelf, his Countrey, to the cruelty of a Victorious, and odious Nation. He hop'd that his good ſucceſs might have eaſily atton'd for the envy of the fact, and that it would not have been ſo ungrateful to *Carthage*; in regard he had been ſo advantageous to it. He fights therefore and overcomes, and by the votes of the *Carthaginians* he is adjudged to the croſs. A man certainly moſt worthy of life, who for the publick good made himſelf obnoxious to ſo ſevere a death.

But what unjuſt cruelty is this, to hurry a Conquerour ſpared by the tempeſt of war and arms, to a puniſhment more barbarous than his enemies ſword? He that contrary to the Laws, and with ſuſpence of ſucceſs, or unfortunately joins battle, let him endure the deſerved ſmart of his own raſhneſs; but whoſoever inflicts penance on a Conqueror, whoſe war both the favour of the Gods, and the event do allow of, he both diſquiets and accuſes

cuſes Heaven. By what an unhappy kind-neſs of the fates hath our captain ſurvived the battle, to be reſerv'd a victime for the ignominious croſs! He might have fell (being conquer'd) by the revenge of his enemies, without the crime of a guilty Judge. But whilſt by the unjuſt ſuffrages of the Citizens he is puniſh't with a gibbet and diſgrac't too; the life of the Conquerour, and the juſtice of the Country go both to wrack.

So falls our Captain, as famous for the merit of his excellent valour, as remarkable for the diſgrace of an ungrateful City; who, that he might render *Carthage* victorious, was not ſtartled at the danger, either of field or tribunal, but twice hazarded his life, and had twice conquer'd, if the *Carthaginians* had not been more obdurate than his enemies ſouldiers. He dy'd not being overpower'd in battel, neither through his own miſcarrage or default of Fortune, his puniſhment is aggravated by the unworthineſs of it, for he is adjudged by them to death, to whom by his victory he gave life.

This great Severity may be thought the greateſt Juſtice; which though it may be defended perhaps by Law, yet not in Equity. What if the Captain being aſſur'd of Victory did not expect the commands of his Country?

An Enemy may be conquered before it can be determined by the Senate, whether a General ſhall fight or not. The Fate of this Officer is very deplorable, who might be compell'd by the Laws to be conquer'd, but could not overcome ſecurely againſt them. But the ſenſe of the Law is to be regarded, and not the terms. The *Carthaginians* forbad their Generals to fight againſt the Orders and Conſtitutions of their Country, becauſe Captains, eſpecially young ones, are inflam'd with a deſire of Renown and Victory, and oftentimes run upon an engagement raſhly, ſo that the Strength and Proſperity of the Republick is much abated, and the Glory of their Nation obſcur'd by the fatal overthrow of their defeated Army.

But our Captain, wiſe and prudent, as well as valiant, knew he ſhould conquer before he fought; neither is it to be doubted, but that the Law-givers themſelves, if they had been preſent at the Warr, and had underſtood the conveniences of Fighting would have adviſed to them an Encounter. How unjuſt therefore is it to condemn that, which, if preſent, they had approv'd of; and that too after the Victory was won, and Trophies raiſed through the Conduct and Valour of this wiſe Captain! — Certainly there is reaſon to ſuſpect that

that the *Carthaginians* did not ſo much take ill the violation of the Law, as they envyed the Honors and Triumphs of the Victor; and therefore cenſur'd him to ſo ſhameful a death. His doom was barbarous and cruel, and if after the dangers of War the Citizens ſhall thus at home threaten the croſs to their victorious Captains, they may deſervedly fear, leaſt hereafter they ſhould want men to defend their Countrey.

DECLAM. V.

Whether Codrus *did well in devoting himſelf to deſtruction, and loſing both his Life and Liberty for the ſafety of his Country.*

Againſt Codrus.

SEeing there is no Happineſs to a people, but what depends on the Counſel and Valour of a prudent Prince, He therefore

that throws away his life for his Countries good, seems not so much to prevent it's misery, as to increase and hasten its approaching Ruine. For after the decease of a valiant Emperour who dares not assault a people wretched, and without a head? Who dares not provoke them being destitute, and void of Strength? Who hopes not to subdue them, and to raise Trophies to himself from their Spoils, seeing they are without Counsel, which is a stronger fortress aginst their Enemy, than Bulwarks and Castles.

The sudden death of *Codrus* might perhaps remove from his Country some present calamity; it might perhaps disperse an imminent Storm. But (alas!) to what Evils is it left expos'd, now he is gone, who could alone preserve it who whilst he liv'd was its only safeguard? There is no Law observed now the Emperour is dead. The distracted People sheath their swords in their own bowels, and by mutuall slaughters bring that destruction upon themselves, which was forbidden by the Oracle to fall upon the *Peleponensians*. No Homage, and Obedience is paid to Governours, the Subject hath shaken off the yoke from his neck, and every miscreant lays unjust claim to that Empire, which was left by the Princes voluntary death — Thus (O *Codrus*!)

drus!) haſt thou involved others in thine own Ruine, and thy Death hath been more pernicious to thy Country than ever could thy Life be, which was ſo odious (as thou thought'ſt) to the *Athenians*. But yet 'twas ſo dear to the Gods, as that thine Enemies were commanded not to deprive thee of it, or to dip their ſwords in thy precious gore. But thou diſdainſt ſo kind a Favour, and by fighting (like the Giants) againſt Heaven, haſt expoſed thy ſelf to an ignominious Death. For *Codrus* did not Heroically in the Feild diſcomfit his Enemy with a threatning look, neither ſhining in Armor, or beſmear'd with Blood, did he breath his laſt, but deludes his Enemy with a diſguiſe in the habit of a poor man, and doth ſpontaneouſly embrace a degenerous Death.

Seeing he undertook ſuch great things for his Country, he (without doubt) propos'd to himſelf great Rewards; ſuch as ſhould purchaſe him an eternal name, and tranſmit his Fame to future Ages. But who will lament his immature Fate, whereas the Ruine of the Republick is to be more deplored? What Subject will ſing his Encomiums, ſeeing he hath deceivep not only his Enemies, but his Friends too? His Fate is deplorable on both ſides, ſeeing by his death the Garland is won,

and the Empire is deſtroyed. Thou waſt inflamed (O *Codrus*!) with too great a Devotion and Zeal for thy Country, who waſt ſo forgetful of thy Life and Liberty, and dids't ſo contemn the Care of the Gods. If the former courſe of thy Life was juſt, yet now thou haſt committed an heinous Crime, thus by offering violence to Nature, and exerciſing Tyranny over thy ſelf, Let not Nature be thus violated!

Codrus hath loſt his golden Liberty, to free his Country from filthy Bondage; hath laid down his Life to give it continuance, and to reſcue it from Death; But how can it ſurvive, and live, when he is dead, who by his Valour alone did preſerve and defend it, and who (whilſt in Being) was both the Delight and Ornament of the People. He had more prudently conſulted the *Athenians* good, if he had ſtill reign'd, and if the Enemy had not kill'd the Prince, but the People, and brought them to ſo ſad and fatal an end.

Thus liv'd this ſtout Heroe, who might lawfully ſupport the ſinking ſtate, might puniſh the pride of his triumphant Enemies, might with his Life and Valour (ſeeing he could purchaſe Victory by his own Blood) have animated and encouraged the conquered *Athenians*, and repaied their ſlaughter again with ruine.

ruine. For tis not the part of a Valiant Captain to yield at the first wound, but obstinately to pursue flying Victory, and with a pertinacious resolution, solicite adverse and reluctant Fortune; and as it were extort violently from the Gods the Palm of Victory.

Codrus by his signal Piety to his Country, hath through his Death purchas'd to the *Athenians* Victory and Safety; But yet he had shew'd himself more wise, and valiant, if escaping but one, though unhappy battel, he at length by a more prosperous event of War, had made himself Victorious, and his Country too.

DECLAM. VI.

Whether Paulus Emilius *did well, who, utterly despairing of the Safety of the Republick, rush't wilfully into the Battel, and caus'd his own Death.*

After so unfortunate a management of Affairs, after so cruel a slaughter of his Souldiers, and the total overthrow of his

whole Army. Can *Æmilius* (do you think) live an ignoble Life? Do you believe I can endure *Hannibal* fluſh'd with Victory, and triumphing over a routed Conſul? Seeing my Souldiers are ſo ambitious of the glory of Valour, that when their Strength fails, and their hands are unprofitable, they had rather expoſe their heads to the Conquerours weapons than decline a Fight, as if they would hinder Victory, when they cannot conquer: Seeing my Common Souldiers give ſo excellent a ſpecimen of *Roman* Courage, ſhall *Paulus* their General baſely fly? Seeing my ſtout Cavalry protected me in the Battel, and ſo bravely fell in the hot diſpute, ſhall I baſely ſurvive them, and run to *Rome?* And there (like Women and Children) lament the Ruine of the State which I had ſo illy defended? Shall I only ſhed tears for my Countrey, whilſt you faithful Souls pour out no leſs than your laſt Breath? Rather let mine Enemy ſlice me into a thouſand peices, and ſpill my very heart-blood; that the Citizens may know, that I contemn Death with the ſame Courage, as I did formerly their unjuſt Reproaches, and let the Conquerour *Hannibal* underſtand, that we have yielded to him in Fortune only, but not in Valour. I fear not to be cenſur'd Raſh and Furious, and too unadviſed in my Actions,

Actions, for what do I deſire that ſeems ſo unreaſonable? Seeing I cannot live without Reproach, and Envy, I only ſeek an honeſt Death.

You all know in my former Conſulſhip, when things were better with me than now, how I ſcarce eſcap't with my Life from the Popular Tumult; And what do you think the diſpleaſed People will do in ſo great a Deſolation and Slaughter of their Souldiers? But why do I mention things of ſo long a date? In this preſent Conſulſhip the ungrateful Citizens did upbraid with Sloath and Cowardize, though by my Care and Counſel, I diverted this Plague that hung over their heads, and reſcu'd my men from the jaws of their Enemies by detecting their Treacheries. What a man have I ſhewed my ſelf in this Battel, who have fought illy, and (ſeeing I durſt not die) who have fled more baſely? Fancy me leading, like Cattle, the remainder (if there be any left) of my rallied Army, through unwayed Mountains, and Summer Thickets! Fancy us to fly (like Hares) and to be ſtun'd with the noiſe of our cloſe Purſuers! Fancy us entring the City overwhelm'd with griefe, and their Sorrow to ſwell at our Approaches! I am not to be carried there (after the *Roman* manner) in a Triumphant Chariot; And indeed,

indeed, I know not the use of such a Chariot, unless to carry me to the utmost limits and bounds of the Earth, whither the name of *Hannibal*, the Report of this Overthrow, and the Execrations of the City cannot reach.

Methinks I see the Patrons, and the Clients mixt together, and all in Publick! Methinks I see the wretched Matrons running on all sides to the Hallowed Temples, and sweep the Altars with dishevel'd Tresses! We hear nothing but the Howlings and Lamentations of the Citizens; nothing but the complaints of them that weep. In vain they do now implore my Aid; now they curse that unhappy General. Methinks, I hear the enraged Multitude railing against me in such language: Give me my Children! Restore my Parents! Return my Souldiers, who may defend the walls! All which Clamour is an harsher sound than noise of the treacherous *Carthaginians*, that assaulted us in the Rear, than the groans of Souldiers beset with Enemies, than the dismal voice of *Hannibal*, whereby he pronounced to his Souldiers certain Victory.

But though things are grievous, yet if they benefit my Countrey, I can bravely bear them. I could wish to live though in Disgrace and Infamy, if thereby I could any wise advantage the Republick. But what profit can

can accrue to you from the single Valour of one, and he but a private person? Where else can I have another Army? With what Courage will Souldiers fight under so unhappy a Captain? Surely they will find a more prosperous General. Why being a Coward do I live so long? unless it be to see another Consul subduing those Enemies that conquer'd me, or to see the demolish't walls of *Rome*; the former will reflect upon his Name, the latter injurious to his Piety; but a glorious death will deliver from the Infamy of both.

I will follow you (O my Souldiers!) and with you will I die, and (what pleases me most) I will dye in the Battel. Neither will I perish by every obvious and feeble hand. I will break my way through the thickest ranks, and through the midst of mine Enemies weapons will I smite *Hannibal*. And (my dear Fellow-Souldiers!) I will appease your Ghosts, either with the Victors gore, or else sacrifice mine own, and so, shall I escape Contumelies, and Reproaches, and shall wash away mine Ignominy with mine own Blood.

DECLAM.

DECLAM. VII.

Whether Tullus Hoſtilius *did well, who firſt taught the* Romans *the Art of War?* Aff.

I Am perſwaded you marvel that I being in a Gown, ſhould take upon me the defence of Arms: But I do not perſonate the Souldier, but act the Orator; and why ſuch wondering at my undertaking? Seeing I am only about to defend that, which both protects me and the Republick too. 'Twas War that lay'd the Foundation of the Commonwealth, and 'twas War that raiſed it to ſuch a pitch of Glory. In vain the Warlick God of *Rome* had in ſtoln Embraces begat *Romulus:* unleſs the Youth by traduction had his Fathers Spirit. In vain had *Numa* taught them ſacred Rites, and holy Ceremonies, unleſs *Hoſtilius* by his Arms had protected his Religion and ſacred worſhip of the Immortal Deities. *Jupiter* himſelf is of no eſteem without his thunder, and diſarmed *Apollo* appears ridiculous.

Rome

Rome the Mistres of the whole world, meerly flourish't by the help of *Mars*; and hath raised eternal Monuments and Trophies of Valour; whereas other Nations have lived inglorioſly without Arms. Not the least ſpark of *Roman* Proweſs had appeared, if *Hoſtilius* had not inſtituted Martial Diſcipline. 'Tis true, War doth ſometimes rage amongſt harmleſs People, and thoſe muſt needs be ſubdued, who cannot with Arms aſſert their Right. You would not have your Country the Scene of War, but how can you expect a Freedom from the ſame, when every member of the State wages an inteſtine War againſt it ſelf? I mean the mutual conflicts of diſagreeing Paſſions; and (if we believe Philoſophy) we had not liv'd unleſs ſprung from the Quarrels of the jarring Elements, neither can we die unleſs diſſolved by the Diſcord of our firſt Principles.

Is Martial Diſcipline ingrateful to your ears? And muſt this Art worthy of Eternity, be utterly aboliſh't, without which, *Domitian* could not ſo much as kill a Fly? Perhaps you dread a Warlike Death? as if Souldiers ſo well acquainted with it, did not know how beſt to ſuffer it, as if they did not underſtand what themſelves were, who behold Death daily triumphing over dead bodies; ſo that

that we may say (what some of Philosphy) that the Military Art is the Meditation of Death— *Hostilius* did not institute it by Mans Advice, but by the Counsel of the Gods. For there was in the world such softness of Spirit and effeminacy of Mind, that the Art of War was given from above to prevent the degeneracy of the Masculine Sex. *Jupiter* himself had had a Squob upon the earth as well as *Vulcan*, unless *Mars* and *Victoria* had come to assist him against the Giants. And do you not yet esteem *Gradivus* for a Deity? Is his a fictitious God-head, when Emperours his Adorers are esteemed Deities? Do you thus requite him? If this be the case? Away (ye Philosophers!) with your Heroical Vertue! Away with thy sacred Buckler (O *Rome*!) dropt from above as a proof of its Divinity! Away with the feigned Gods of the Poets! and with *Jupiter* himself! Let Heaven fall!

But I fear, lest, if I am too tedious, the Tribune will inflict upon me a Military Mulct. I have sounded a Retract: And if you think I have not defended *Hostilius* well enough (like an Orator) with my Tongue, I am ready to fight for him (like a Souldier) with my Sword.

DECLAM.

DECLAM. VIII.

Whether Horatius *is guilty of Death, who killed his Siſter for weeping at the ſight of the Spoils he took from her* Paramour? Aff.

CEaſe to wonder that I dare appear againſt and accuſe *Horatius*, whom the *Romans* have acquitted; and unworthily Crowned with triumphant Laurel! Behold! the man beſmeared with his Brothers blood, and being not content with one Impiety, he goes on to propogate unexpiable crimes. Thou wretched Villain! Whither did thy Fury hurry thee, thus to revenge the tears of thy Siſter dropt at the herſe of her deceas'd Sweetheart, thus, not to ſuffer her to enjoy her Lover nor to lament him neither? It had been more becoming thy ſelf a *Roman*, to grieve that he happen'd to be an Enemy, and that 'twas thy misfortune to ſhed his Blood, and that thy reſpect to thy Country had ſo ſurpaſſed thy Kindneſs to thy Family and Siſter. Love and Mildneſs are natural to Women; and

and therefore not to be removed with Sword and Violence. Thou wast content not with the Victory obtained over the *Curiatii*, but thou venteſt thy rage upon Female Innocence, and levels thy Malice at thine own Siſter.

O Horrid Wickedneſs! worthy the memory of future ages. For who but this *Horatius* (like a fierce Lyon from his prey) would have returned from the ſlaughter of his murdered Brother, and not yet glutted with Blood, would ſheath his Sword in a womans Bowels? What have ye done (O *Romans*!) in acquitting a perſon both guilty of Parracide, and Ingratitude too? How can you endure that ſuch a miſcreant ſhould live within the Confines of your Empire? Thou (O impious *Rome*!) who haſt filled the World with War and Ruine, and contemneſt the Deities with reproachful threats; Thou (I ſay) at length art juſtly puniſh't, and deſervedly ſuffers the thunder of the Gods, and the Frowns of Heaven. Thy Foundation was lay'd in gore, and thy Deeds are Bloody, and thy Offſpring Vitious and debaucht. Why doſt thou glory in ſuch lewd Actions? And why doſt thou not puniſh this Murderer amongſt the moſt flagitious Malefactors? If we ſhould ranſack the Corners of the whole world, we ſhall never find an Example, that can paralel the

the Ingratitude, and the savage Barbarity of cruel *Horatius*; who offering his vanquisht Enemies, to his Angry, and injured Country, hath committed an heinous Fact, and hath fully'd his name with perpetual Infamy, in spilling the Blood of his Sister for a sacrifice to his Fury. *Nero* and *Caligula* those monstrous Parricides of that age deserve not so much the names of Apes, and Vipers, as he to be branded with Eternal Ingratitude.

If (according to the saying of that noble *Roman*) it is more honourable to save one Citizen from death than to slay a thousand Enemies, of what horrid Villany then is he guilty, who after a signal Victory hath inhumanly destroyed a poor woman, and took away the Life of one, for whom he had done well, if he had resign'd his own? What if full of Fury, he came laden with the Spoils of his conquer'd Enemy? What if his Sword was still dy'd with the tincture of their Blood, yet the Inhumanity and Brutishness of the Action deserv's no mercy? Should he travel the Universe, he would scarcely find a Patron of his wickedness.

DECLAM. IX.

Horatius *vindicated.*

I Wonder with what face ye *Romans* dare condemn *Horatius*, who reſcu'd even now from Fire and Sword not only your Republick but your Lives too, who hath ſnatcht them from the jaws of death, and ſafely preſerved them. Ingrateful *Rome*! How he hath deſerved ſo ill at thine hands, as thou ſhouldſt thus deſtroy him? 'Tis a bloody Crime to kill him, to whom thou art more obliged than to thy Father *Romulus*; For he only drew the bare model of the City, but the other ſecured it when Populous with Inhabitants, when crowded with People, and ſurely 'tis better not to be, than to be a Slave.

But why is he come to this? what fault is there in him, beſides his Indulgence (if that be a Crime) to his dear Siſter? who was the only cauſe, that ſhe ſhould enjoy, being dead in the ſhades below, that Sweet-heart, whom ſhe could not obtain alive on Earth above. But if he did it out of meer Revenge, then

then this is as commendable as the former Action, and there is more of Glory, more of *Horatius* in this, than there is in that; For his noble Spirit ſcorned that a *Roman* Lady, and his Kinſwoman too, ſhould with improper tears, and unſeaſonable grief ſo ſervilely lament the death of his Enemy. He would not have the very Sex to want its Praiſe; and ſo great was his Zeal and Affection to his Country, as that he would not ſpare his offending Siſter. But if none of all her Vertues, and Deſerts can wipe off the guilt, or make an Atonement for this Crime; yet pardon (I beſeech you) her for her Fathers ſake: Pity and behold him with much Clemency; he will ſcarce ſurvive after this great Diſgrace, and thus you'l kill two Noble *Romans* with one blow.

But conſider I pray. His provocation to the Fact extenuates the Guilt: For ſeeing your ſelves, your Fortunes, and all that you have you owe to his Valour, that unhappy Woman by her impertinent grief, ſeems to preſer the ſafety of the Enemy, before her Fathers, or her Countries welfare; and appears to be troubled at nothing elſe, but that the Third did not periſh with the two other Brothers. *Rome* may ſhortly want another preſerver, for the *Albanes* are a free People, never under

Subjection, and therefore 'tis doubtful, whether they'l keep their League, and endure your Government, utterly diſregarding their own Liberty: And then *Horatius* may be as uſeful, as he was before; and that Army which ſent back their Legions untouch't, and triumphant to *Rome*, may again moſt wonderfully defend you, and ſtrike a terrour into all your Enemies: For without doubt where ever is this other Genius of our Commonwealth there will be the Fates of the *Albans*. For our valiant Captain hath deſtroyed their Forces with his own hand.

But now if a Fathers Prayers and a Fathers Tears, if a Victory purchaſed by himſelf alone; If Innocence and the Danger of an enſuing War cannot waſh off, and Expiate this Crime; Go on then with your raſh Judgment! Puniſh with death this excellent Citizen! Condemn (if you pleaſe) ſtout *Horatius*; but conſider withall your Strength is weakned, your Sinews are cut, and that *Rome* will fall with it's brave Captaine.

DECLAM.

DECLAM. X.

Zopyrus *cunningly commanded his body to be torn, and wounded, that he might betray, by the Stratagem, the City of* Babilon *to King* Darius.

For Zopyrus.

THough it may ſeem unjuſt to lay down our Lives for the publick good, becauſe repugnant to Nature, and inconſiſtent with the Cowardice of timerous men; yet there is nothing certainly more noble and glorious, than after the Vertuous courſe of an honeſt Life to reſign our breath, and all for the Safety of our King, and Country. Now this *Zopyrus* that ſo injur'd his body to betray the City, is as commendable as he, who falls a ſacrifice for the Kindomes glory; For he did not die with Infamy and Diſgrace, but lived not only to the Honour of his Country, but to the Reproach of his Enemies, and to his own credit and reputation. If the welfare

of the Publick had requir'd his Life, he would have laid aside Mortality, and have put off his body as willingly and as readily, as he had deformed it. And thus *Zopyrus* devotes himself to ruine for the safety of his Country. And how much better is it to deface the Beauty, to tear the Limbs, and to rage with Cruelty on the parts of his Body, than to melt down his Strength and exhaust his Spirits by Softness and Luxury, and so to ruinate the whole Structure.

Who more worthy than *Zopyrus*? Who more to be belov'd? who to adorn his Country with Peace and Glory, hath represented himself an ugly Spectacle. Whosoever dispraises him doth in effect commend the Timerous, and Slothful, and hints this as his Disgrace, that he had profusely spoiled the Sweetness of his Aspect, the Charms of his Face, and wasted prodigally his very Blood for his Country, and shews he had rather the Desolation of the Publick, than the Ruine and Destruction of one private Feature. He hath survived long enough, who hath liv'd to the Publick; and his dayes are not to be accounted short, who is registred in the Monuments of Immortal Fame.

'Tis an unworthy Age that preferrs Beauty before Valour, and that is much displeased that

that the Country owes its Defence to Scarrs and Wounds. Behold *Zopyrus* graſping Victory with his own hands! See the demoliſht Walls! the burnt Houſes, and the whole City of *Babylon* lying waſt and raz'd! and thoſe things that were in vain attempted by the Strength of thouſands, are now effected by the Arm and Policy of one Man! Go on brave Captain with thy undaunted Valour! Deſpiſe the reproaches of malevolent tongues! And big with Renown, the Reward of thy Deſerts, be thou a Monument of Valour, and an unimitable Pattern to ſucceeding Ages!

DECLAM. XI.

Againſt Zopyrus.

IF *Zopyrus* had well weighed and conſidered of thoſe exquiſite pains, which he ſo miſerably ſuffered in his tortur'd Body, certainly he would never have exerciſed ſuch Cruelty on his innocent Members, and by an unhappy Stratagem, have wounded his Enemy

through his own Bowels. He had better have killed himself outright, than thus to besmear himself infamously with Blood, and to inflict upon himself those dolorous Torments, which make him weary of his life, and to covet death.

Though he was so sturdy as a little to endure the sharp pennance of his slathed limbs, yet he unwillingly suffered that ugly Deformity which made him horrible to others, and a wretched Spectacle to his own self. The squallid Complexion of his crimson Face was so far from pleasing, that it terrifi'd *Darius*; and if he affrighted the King, for whose Glory and Honor he endur'd the Pennance, how much more lothsom was he to others, who may justly doubt whether he be a man or Fury? For the loss of his Lips, Nose, and Ears make him rather resemble the Picture of a Monster, than the Shape of a man; For his cheeks are besmeared with a ghastly die, his eyes are glutted with the Streams of his own Blood; and he that should triumph and boast in shedding his Enemies, by an unhappy Error, spills, and wallows in his own gore.

But now he deservedly feels the smart of those Punishments he inflicted upon himself; he affects not the sweetness of refreshing odours,

odours: but is ſad and melancholy amidſt the ſcents and breath of perfumed Roſes; his ears are ſtopt, and hears not the voice of charming Eloquence; his mouth is crammed, and utters no Oratory, but remains ſilent; ſo that every one doth injure, and affront *Zopyrus*, and vex his ſores with new wounds.

Thy Caſe is ſad *Zopyrus*! what is there that can delight thee in the whole world? All men hate thee, and all fear thee: wherefore think thy ſelf ſcorned and odious, and ſee (if thou haſt got any eyes) thy maimed Limbs, and lament the Defects of thy crippled Body: But this is thy only comfort, thy neceſſity (according to thy deſerts) of ſuffering theſe things. But now, if the want of theſe Members make him ſo dreadful a Spectacle in the ſight of others, how frightful and cruel muſt he ſeem to his own ſelf! For who would lick his own Blood? who but a mad man, would with voluntary ſtripes chaſtiſe himſelf? In this he appears more bloody than a Butcher, who, though he ſlays the beaſt, yet ſpares himſelf; But he after he had wreak'd his Spight, and rage on his Enemies, he executes his Tyranny upon his own ſelf, and that not ſo much out of a Concern or Affection for the Publick, as to diſcover his Cruelty and Madneſs, for which he is rather to be puniſht than

than commended. And what reaſon is there, why he ſhould not ſuffer, unleſs becauſe he cannot endure enough? For his members already have been ſo ſorely handled, that no cuts, and ſlaſhes, no pungency can be added to his former dolors; unleſs all his Pains be wholly ſwallowed up by the ſting of death; wherefore without doubt, he had never committed ſo heinous a Fact, unleſs encouraged by the hope of a proſperous Fortune. But we do not ſee that *Darius* advanc't him; and indeed neither did he deſerve Promotion; for he might have ſhewed his Zeal and his Courage for his King and his Country many other ways, and thoſe more proper for, or becoming a man. But that which increaſes the Abſurdity of the Action was, he ſtain'd his hands in needleſs Blood, which neither the time nor neceſſity did require of him; For neither thy Country nor thy ſelf (*Zopyrus!*) were in any danger; and *Darius*, without thine aſſiſtance, could have either contemn'd *Babylon*, or elſe have conquered it. What if the City had been overcome? What if thy *Perſia* had been laid waſt? Thou couldſt not have died more miſerably, than thou didſt now; For thou haſt ſo hackt and hew'd thy manlike Face, and ſo baſely ſpoiled thy handſome

ſome Limbs, that I queſtion whether the Enemy could have mangled thee more. To conclude, I prethee (*Zopyrus*!) be ſenſible, by thy loſs, of thy great Folly, and wiſh for (though too late) and prefer thy Safety before a Victory.

DECLAM. XII.

Brutus *perceiving that his Sons endeavour'd the Reſtauration of Kings among the* Romans, *drag'd them into the Forum, and before the whole Aſſembly caus'd them to be ſcourged with Rods, and afterwards cut off their Heads.*

For Brutus.

SEeing the firſt Age of *Rome* was ſo miſerably ſpent under the cruel Tyranny of ſeven Kings, and becauſe the City in its Infancy was ſo oppreſt as to be ready to expire

In

in its very Cradle, I'le be hang'd, if ever the *Romans* are Lords of the Earth, or if the City be ever Empreſs of the whole World; I dare warrant that the Scepter ſhall never any more be ſway'd by Tyrants, and that extinguiſht Monarchy ſhall never be reviv'd, ſo as to involve us again in another Bondage. The people of *Rome* have found by Experience that Kings are not only proud by Name, but by Nature too; and that they have infring'd the Liberties, and Priviledges of the Publick; and that though they were valiant, yet they did not ſo much protect by their Courage as deſtroy their Subjects. I cannot relate without Dread and Horror, how often *Tarquin* hath drawn his Sword againſt the City, how often he hath more rag'd in Peace, than in times of Warr, that he might ſee the gaſpings, and diſtorted looks of dying men; that he might hear the ſighs and groans, and the ſad complaints of the miſerable.

Whoſoever wiſhes a new Succeſſion to this laſt of Kings, he is worthy to ſuffer all manner of Thraldom, he is fit to be the firſt Inſtance of his Cruelty; and let him endure a Tyrant in his very Father. If ſuch Princes as theſe are fit to rule, let your old diſtemper return again; if you delight in new Fury, and in a freſh diſeaſe, then let Kings be reſtored again.

again. But if a Conſular Government excel a Kingly, which doth not only puniſh the Murderers of the Citizens, but takes care for, and defends the Liberty of the City, then let Monarchy die with *Tarquin*; and let not one Tyrant rule with a milder Government, but let more Nobles conſult and act for the good of the Publick: let them defend the City as well from Domeſtick Confuſions, as Forreign Invaſions; and ſeeing both the Conſuls have Power and Command over one City, and that but a little one, let them conquer the Nations over which they preſide; let them make their Enemies and Captives become their Citizens, and all the Provinces of *Italy* to become *Roman*.

A ſingle Monarch being hardly enough for one Scepter never by Conqueſt enlarg'd his Dominions, but ſuſpecting the Fidelity of his People, he is wont to rule in Poverty, and Want, by reaſon of his oppreſſion, whereby he uſes to defend his Territories; and he weakens his Subjects to prevent their revenge. Various Slaughters ſuffered not *Rome* to grow to the ſtate of Manhood; nor was it ſafe for the Kings that the *Romans* ſhould wax old, leſt any by their Deſerts ſhould aim at the Kingdom; ſo that Puniſhments and Torments were inflicted to ſuppreſs the growth of

of flourishing Vertue. Thus the People under a *Roman* King obeyed a Tyrant: no man lived securely, but whosoever was suspected, though harmless, was condemn'd to death, and whosoever lamented the Innocent, was punisht as Guilty.

But now the Consuls emulating each others Vertue, make Laws for themselves, as well as for the People; and defend with their own the *Roman* Liberty. One can't so much oppress, but the other is as ready to redress their Grievance: neither can they vex the Republick with private Animosity; but they must turn their Fury upon their own selves. And thus the haughty Lyon affrights with a noise the common Herd, and preys only upon little Flocks, but when he hath in view another Lion, he is struck dumb, and silent; and they both disdain the neglected Cattle, but both emulous and jealous of each others Honour, and neither brooking the equality of a Rival, do engage mutually, and terrifie no more the despised droves, but exert their Fury upon, and seek to devour their own selves.

If this Consular Government please the Senate, then these *Roman* Youths may not by Force subvert it without Punishment. They seem to undermine the City,

to

to affect the Kingdom, and to revoke themſelves inſtead of Kings. Theſe Younkers certainly aſpire too high, who take up arms againſt the Fathers, Conſuls, and eſtabliſhed Laws of *Rome*. Profeſſed Enemies, that dare do any thing, never ſtrike at the Form of Government. Every Nation may (as it pleaſeth) Diſpoſe of its people and may reſtrain them by what ties it liſteth; and Cities at Emnity do not give Laws to themſelves, nor do they foment civil Broils among their Citizens or embroil their Citizens in civil wars.

Seeing therefore the Government of the Conſuls is either to be eſtabliſht by the death of the Conſpirators, or to be abrogated for the future by a free Remiſſion, the moſt juſt *Brutus* did juſtly condemn his Sons for the Liberties of his Countrey, and for the Priviledges of *Rome*; And that he might not ſurvive a childleſs Parent, he the Aſſertor and Father of the Laws hath tranſlated into his own Family, and hath adopted the Citizens in the room of his Sons.

DECLAM.

DECLAM. XIII.

Againſt Brutus.

AFter the Foundation of the Empire lay'd in Blood, and ſuch a continual ſucceſſion of horrid Cruelty (as if it was juſt, that as *Rome* in her Infancy conſecrated her future Grandeur by ſo a Barbarous a Crime, ſo ſhe ſhould defend her Safety by repeated Slaughters, and Parricidial Murders maintaining thereby the limits of her Power) I ſay, after the frequent Violations of the Laws of Nature, and the exile and baniſhment of proſcribed Humanity, or Preſcription of exiled and diſcarded Humanity; 'Tis no wonder that *Brutus* ſhould exert his rage on his own fleſh, and more Cruel than *Indians* (who only devour their dead Friends) ſhould wreak his Fury upon his own Bowells. He ſlays his own ſons, thoſe dear Pledges of himſelf, becauſe he would not favour the private ties of Affinity: But let him ſatisfie his Fury ſo ſavagely, and that he may be a ſafe-guard to *Rome*, let him be fierce and inhumane.

Ceaſe

Ceaſe (ye *Romans*) by the help of the Gods to reduce and ſubdue forreign Nations, ſeeing *Rome* by her ſhedding blood, and by her flagitious Crimes, hath given a ſpecimen of her future Impiety; and *Brutus* the Aſſertor, and Patron of *Rome*, having left his Enemies, proſecutes with Hatred his own Sons, and triumphing at home in a bloody Victory, is become a Conquerour within his own houſe. Let not the Deities hope any more for their wonted Flames, nor for the ſolemn Pomp of former Victims, ſeeing *Brutus* ſpared not his very Houſhold Gods; whilſt he equally forgets both his Piety, and his Sons; by the death of his off-ſpring he ſhews himſelf to be but a cruel Parent, by whoſe blood he hath purchaſed an ill gotten Liberty— After ſuch great Specimens of an ambitious Spirit, and Crimes ſucceſsfully committed againſt the Republick, he now attempts a greater wickedneſs, and that ſuch an one, which cannot be expiated by any Sacrifice. For having got the Empire, and by the death of the Kings, having obtained his deſire, he does now begging to wanton in Cruelty, and being backt with Power, doth more violently rage. His Sons, that reſiſt his growing Tyranny, he proſecutes with a cruel affection and ſtrikes them through with darts of Love, and (like a

ſwelling deluge checkt by violence) he invades them preſently with a double force, and lets them fall as victims, for the defence, and ſafeguard of the new Empire.

Moſt unhappy Young Men! whoſe Valour alone hath made them miſerable! who have done nothing worthy of death, unleſs it be Capital, to reſiſt the unjuſt Pride of their Father, and to defend *Rome* from the Treacheries of *Brutus*. Things are come now to that paſs, that there is need both of the Pious and Valiant to reſtore the Republick; For what could they do elſe? if they had not offended againſt *Brutus*, they had ſinned (which had been worſe) againſt the Gods and Countrey too. A crime is to be choſen, about which they did not long deliberate. The valner name of a Father could not affright them, nor the reverence of a Parent deter them; For let him be no longer a Father of Children, if he will be no more a Parent of his Countrey. The Young Men had a natural Veneration for Majeſty, and therefore reſpect and honor the Kings, and defend their Prerogatives to their laſt breath.

The City was ſo oppreſs'd with Cruelty, and ſo bloody with the ſlaughter of murdered Citizens, that the Gods themſelves could hardly releive it without expoſing themſelves to death

death and danger. But *Brutus* haſtens to his Sons with the greateſt Zeal, and at once doth uſe both Prayers and Threats, he ſooths them up with winning Inſinuations, he accoſts them with language as ſoft as deceitful. He objects unto them the Honour, Glory, and Allurements of Empire, the great Pleaſure, and Priviledge of Governing: But our Young Men oppoſe, and embrace not this wheedling Courtſhip, whoſe Fidelity is not to be ſhaken, either by Price or Pleaſure, no not by death it ſelf, and therefore the cruel Father advances himſelf to the higheſt pitch of Fury and Impiety, and by the diſmal Tragedy of his Sons, ſacrifices to the Liberty of his Country; that thoſe whom he could not provoke by his Ambition and Tyranny, he might at leaſt overcome by Death and Envy: Thus whilſt he hath beheaded his Sons, and endeavors to ſpill his own blood, he doth not only loſe the Reputation of being Humane, but buries his name in ſilence and oblivion. He deprives himſelf of the comfort of Poſterity, and of that Immortality which is for ever propagated by a dear off-ſpring.

DECLAM. XIV.

When a certain City was daily haraſs'd by continual War, the Citizens at length decreed among themſelves to demoliſh the golden Statue of the Emperour, to coin money for their ſupport, and maintenance.

For the Citizens.

IF you know not the greatneſs of Imperial Majeſty, and how much to be defended by the Lives and Eſtates of Loyal Subjects; I ſay, if you do not any otherwiſe underſtand it, yet from hence you may learn, namely, that the Glory of the whole Empire depends upon the Safety of the Emperour, and as often as War ſhall require, Subjects (like Bulls to *Jove*) muſt fall victims to their Prince: Then certainly 'tis no ſuch great matter to expend a little Gold (otherwiſe unprofitable unleſs in War) for the Honor of the King, for the defence of the City, Palace, nay of Majeſty

Majeſtie too. Nothing could be thought on more noble and more redounding to the Honour of the Emperour, or give a greater Proof of a Deitie, than that Golden Statue pull'd down and demoliſht in the defence of the City. If the Imperial Image could ſo protect the weak Citizens, and (by I know not what Charm) ſhews that it can effect ſomewhat that is Auguſt and Magnificent, if the Royal Effigies could affright Enemies, could ſtretch out its Fatall Arms, and kill thoſe with the Cruelty of a Look, whom it cannot wound with its extended hands, I ſay, if the meer Figure could do this, what ſhall we think then of the real perſon, whoſe Statue could drive away his approaching Enemies? Let it therefore be demoliſht, and by its fall, let it prove that there is nothing belongs to an Emperour, but what is Divine.

We read that the Statue of *Scipio* did protect the *Italians* from the *Carthaginians*; and that his Reliques and Aſhes were as uſeful to *Rome*, as the living General. We know that an Enchantreſs can wound a man meerly by waxen Images; and at once can hurt the Original and the Copy too; can ſtrike the Image, and hit by Sympathy the Man too; ſo that, tis not ſo great a matter for the Imperial Statue to effect theſe things, ſeeing

waxen Puppets have ſomething of Life in them, and become Arbiters of Life and Death. Behold the miſery of the poor City! Contemplate the ſad Looks, hollow Cheeks, the paleneſs of the Inhabitants at the thoughts, either of preſent Danger, or fearful expectation of future Death! Both the Subjects and the Statue are all like to periſh, and like to be involv'd in the ſame ruine. But is it not beſt to preſerve them to ſecure the Citizens, the walls of the Emperour, and laſtly, to protect the Emperour himſelf, and all by the deſtruction of one Statue? For 'tis eaſie after a Conqueſt, to erect, and raiſe new Images, and new Statues, and thoſe greater; and with the Relicks of this gold, after Fights and Overthrows, to make an abſolute Image and conſecrate it to *Cæſar*.

Let the golden Statue and the ſacred Image be quite defac'd, that it may be reſtored and raiſed more Auguſt and Divine: we do not envy the Emperour that piece of Divinity, as to be abſent, unarmed, invisible, and yet by this Art to be preſent at his Battels, to ſtir up the feeble Citizens, whereby he ſhews himſelf not ſo much to be an Emperour, as a God.

Though 'tis an heinous crime to violate any thing, that (for their noble exploits) is con-

conſecrated and devoted to the memory of our Anceſtors, yet ſeeing neither the Peace of Countries can be enjoyed without Arms, nor Arms be procured without Pay, it may not ſeem a wonder, if we endeavour by our honeſt Ingenuity, to free our ſelves from forreign Invaſion, and reſtore our ſelves to our fotmer Liberty, and ancient Glory. Ingenuous Spirits are aſhamed to be put under, and to ſubmit their necks to the Tyranny of a Yoke, and to become Tributaries to thoſe whom we have freed from ruine and the jaws of Death; therefore we thought it good, rewards adding Courage to Souldiers to ſcrape off the gold from the Imperial Statues, and to coin it into money, and that not to defend our ſelves only, but the Gods too: For we were reduced to that extremity, that unleſs we had laid out our money and care for the Safety of the Countrey, we had certainly periſhed and been deſtroyed by them; The Temples had been rob'd of their Gods, and the Deities been depriv'd of their Temples too; they had condemn'd us to hard and miſerable Bondage, and that which went neareſt to us, they would have ſhackled our Hands with unwonted chains. But by this our Trick, we have prevented our Enemies from ſacking *Rome*, and have triumpht over

those who would have conquered us, and that which makes us more Noble and Happy, we have not flincht from our first Enterprise, but have stoutly resisted their fierce On-sets, and have subdued our cruel Enemies, and that with our Ancient, and truly *Roman* Valour; and have put their necks impatient of Bondage under our yoke, and (the Gods favouring our Cause) we have wholly routed them, and reduc'd them.

Behold our Enemies enrag'd with grief, do lament and howl at their miserable Fate! and curse our Valour, and good Fortune too! Behold on the contrary us walking in State and Pomp! we are received with publick acclamations, and the Gods have congratulated our fresh Victory, and thank us, for preserving them untoucht and safe! with what Solemnity will our Triumph be celebrated in *Pompey's* Theater? with what joy and shoutings are Trophies erected in Honor of our Victory? with what care is the Gold and Silver restored to their respective Statues? and the People of *Rome* are so far from derogating from, or eclipsing their Splendor, that they take care to preserve them and to adorn and gild them with greater Curiosity.

Rome being secure from and having lost its Rivals,

Rivals, and the Gods being free from all Fear, let us not withdraw from Tumults, and betake our ſelves to eaſe and quiet! Let the City enjoy her former Beauty, and Magnificences; and let the *Roman* People diſplay their wonted Glory! Let the Souldiers boaſt of their wounds and ſcars, and let them eſteem them their moſt honourable Badges, and Ornaments of their Bodies.

DECLAM XV.

Againſt the Citizens.

REligion is preſerved inviolable among all Nations, and there is no Villany ſo extreme, no Impiety ſo cruel, as to allow of, and favour horrid Sacriledge. A very Enemy himſelf (though never ſo much incens'd) would ſcarce ſuffer the ſacred Temples, and the Monuments of our Anceſtors to be prophaned and ſpoiled. But (ye *Romans!*) ye have laid aſide all Conſcience and Religion in ſo baſely demoliſhing the Repreſentative of the Emperour, which you ought to have protected

tected with all your Strength, and with as great care as the Prince himself. Besides there was no need of committing so great a Crime, for the Desolations of War threatning Poverty, and the grim Aspect of approaching Death, ought to have animated them and increased their Courage in the Defence of their Liberty and Country, and of their own safety, and of their Princes too.

O most earthly and sordid Souls! who breaking the Laws, and contemning and despising both Gods and Men, have thus villanously prophaned most sacred Majesty (little less to be adored than a Deity it self) so that the Gods are unsafe, and *Jove* justly fears, lest you vile Miscreants (like *Dyonisius* the Tyrant) should presume to pull his golden Beard. If you could no otherwise have defeated your Enemies Army, you had better have embrac'd an honest Death, than to endure a Life so scandalous, and stain'd with so horrid a Crime; it had been better to have been oppress with Poverty and Bondage, than so ignominiously to live; and to purchase your Liberty at the price of your Innocency. What sacrifice can atone for this fact? Ye have (O ye *Romans!*) by throwing down the Monument of the Emperour, made an attempt on his sacred Person, and so are guilty of High-Treason.

We

We do too much indulge the Parricides in ſuffering them to be openly and publickly defended, whom the Gods would have puniſht and ſlain too; For the appeaſing of whoſe Anger the whole Religion of the City can ſcarce ſuffice: Becauſe if we rightly conſider their Loſſes, we ſhall find ſomewhat which beſides War, and a Siege, we ought to deplore; ſomewhat that is ſad and Tragical, which cannot at all be aſcribed to an Enemy; For behold here are Citizens, who have added this impious Cruelty to all our miſeries, that we ſeem meerly to be ſupported by the Benefit of our Sacriledge, and midſt the Terrours and Hardſhips of War and Hunger, to dare to abuſe the Emperour, *i. e.* to prophane, violate, and contemn the Gods themſelves. If an Enemy had done this we had hop'd for a Victime, and would have made them by their Fall to have expiated and aton'd for their Guilt. But now with what Hope? with the Aſſiſtance of what Deity can we take up Arms? for we have loſt our Courage, becauſe our Innocence, and (which is more) our Emperour too. Our Enemies rejoice, and begin their Triumph from our Crimes. The wicked Citizens boaſt as if they had defeated Hunger and their Enemies by their horrid Sacriledge; and indeed ſo they have; for the Hainouſneſs

neſs of the Fact had ſcar'd them with
Horrour, and put them to Flight, unl
its Blackneſs had recalled them and mov
them to Revenge, and ſo made them wi
a double Fury fall upon the Sacrilegious
and exert their Rage upon them. If d
ſpair ſhould make us Conquer, yet we ſhou
bluſh to enter the City, and be aſhamed
viſit thoſe ſacred Temples, whoſe Holine
we have polluted with our unhallowe
hands.

Behold how theſe Pious Inhabitants ha
preſerved their unhappy City! They have go
their ſuſtenance by Sacriledge, by which w
are fed for ſacrifice, though a whole City i
not Victim enough for ſuch a Guilt, when
the Gods, the Emperour, nay our Enemie
are to be aton'd, and ſatisfied. We do no
complain of trivial matters; nor are we con-
tent with a ſingle Grief; but we lament
the Condition of the whole City, which
theſe Villanous Parricides have diſtracted,
waſted, and ſpoiled in the Emperour: For
after they had defiled themſelves with thi
b'ack Crime, they propagated the Contagi-
on to the Vulgar, that every one might bea
the proper Guilt of his own Sacriledge: It
grieves us to think how with a ravenous
mouth we devoured the diſmal Gates, and
how

ow greedily we ſwallowed even the horrid mpiety. We ow to the Citizens that we ve, that we can courageouſly behold the hor- or of the Fact, and ſo great an Inſtance of Cruelty. You thank them for reſtoring your ecay'd Strength, for arming you with your Emperour, and making that a Prey to the Enemy, which they themſelves ador'd whilſt in the Temple. They have ſpoiled the tute- ar Deity, more venerable than Hunger; they have ſpoil'd the Emperour, more Auguſt than the Image. They have ſpoil'd that, which ſtanding, we might have liv'd innocently, even in the ruine of the City. If a Con- querour had entred, we might have been ſe- cure; For the ſacred Majeſty of ſuch a Statue would either have extorted Religion from them, or if they have none, 'twill teach them ſome. But our Grief hath overcome our Hopes, and we have defil'd our miſeries, and (which is the laſt that belongs to the mife- rable) we have loſt Pity.

DECLAM.

DECLAM. XVI.

Manlius Torquatus *to maintain the Discipline of his Camp, killed his own Son.*

For Manlius.

I Am not Ignorant with what Prejudice I ſtand here before you in the behalf of *Manlius*; For I fear that theſe ſad, and harſh Commands will be very ungrateful to your tender ears, which yet are wholſome for my Son, who either by Fate, or through Shame of declining Battel, was driven into the body of his thickeſt Enemies, and (as it happen'd) prov'd Victor: But he, whom no Law or Edict either of Father or Conſul could keep from raſhly breaking his rank and order, is to be reſtrained by the Sword. Let not Martial Diſcipline be corrupted by one ill Example leſt the whole Army ſuffer through Default of one.

Our *Manlius* aim'd at ſomething to be done, more Auguſt and Glorious than the ſoft Effe-

minacies

minacies of fond Parents; His Paſſion was more ſtrong and ſevere than to defend and patronize his Bowels, his Off-ſpring in ſo great a Wickedneſs. 'Tis Inhuman and horrid to hate his Iſſue, but yet to ſpare ſuch a Son is worſe than Hatred: the Law and Republick can't be ſo ſatisfied; Let the Son ſuffer for his raſhneſs, rather than the Common-wealth rue for the wicked Indulgence of his Father. What People did ever more religiouſly preſerve Martial Diſcipline than the *Romans?* To whom warfare was far more ancient than Parents or Children; whoſe well order'd Troops have advanc't them from nothing to the Dominion of the whole world; neither can the *Roman* Glory be Eclipſed, nor the wide Empire of the Victorious, Shrink or Decay, unleſs this ſtrong tye, or Union of diſtant Colonies be diſſolv'd by Effeminacy, Luſt or Luxury; whilſt with a well diſciplin'd Army (like a well fortified City) they did repel the On-ſet of their invading Enemies, they always returned with Triumphant Eagles; But whilſt the Son of *Manlius*, breaking his ranks, obtains the Victory, he departs only not conquered.

You have here (moſt equal Judges) *Manlius* acting the part, not ſo much of a ſtout and valiant General, as of a ſolicitous, and careful Pa-

Parent, nor more commendable for his Justice than his singular Clemency, who even consulted the good of the Republick though 'twas to his own damage. He thought it far better to be the Lord of the Country, than to be called the Father of so stubborn a Son; neither did he study only the good of his Country, but of himself too; and whilst he punisht his Son with death for declining the Commands of his Father, he preferr'd an honest Reputation before an infamous Off-spring; and seeing he could not beget an Heir equal to his Parent, he would have none survive that is unlike so great a Captain.

But *Torquatus* lives still, and as long as Martial Discipline, and Laws of Camps do flourish, *Manlius* the Patron of Arms will survive and never fall or decline, but with the very Standards: seeing he smote with the Ax his only Son, he hath vindicated his name from devouring obscurity. Thus he hath prolonged his Life by dying, and surviving himself, hath 'een by mortality made himself Immortal; And so aged Valour withstanding the Teeth of Time and Rottenness, hath transmitted him to Posterity without an Heir.

DECLAM.

DECLAM. XVII.

Whether it is lawful to use Persian *Pomp in the midst of War?* Aff.

WHy should I doubt, I know no reason but that only seems unlawful (*Persian*-like) to grow rich. We adore a Penurious and a hard Fortune, and lament the loss of a golden Age, not so much because we are Vicious, as because we are Beggars; yea our minds are so impoverish't (necessity causes such a degeneracy) that we cannot conceive the Splendor of the *Persian* Equipage. It becomes the Lords of the Earth thus richly to fight; That Magnificence is honest, and those Ornaments glorious, which are only the rewards of Sweat and Valour. *Persicus* describ'd with his Sword the whole Universe, and commenc'd *Geographer* by his own Victories; he understood *Bactria* from a Cloak, and the *Sogdiani* from an Helmet; his Steed hath been laden with Spoils of several Nations, and why then should he not proudly prance, who hath dar'd to fight for his Harness, and Trappings,

pings, and who will level the Mountains, and lay flat with the ground his Enemies too, that he might vex his crest with their weighty Jewels?

That Pomp doth justly excuse Pride, and is neither vain, nor ridiculous, which is the reward of ancient Valour, and is a spur to new. Those who are afraid of Ghosts and Goblins, who can't undauntedly contemn the Fates, nor dare provoke death: Let them combate in squallid weeds, and mournful dress; But those that are of an approv'd Valour, and who draw Fortune after them bound in chains, to whom tis the same to war and triumph, why is it not lawful for them to breath perfumes, to shine with Oils and Balsomes, and to enjoy the Festivity of a crowned brow, and to use in War all the Pompous Luxury that attends a Victory?

Let the rude vulgar contemn that which is noble and gallant, as if Robes of Kings and Triumphal Garments must declare the Mind to be Proud and Soft: we have often seen Vertue, (I know not by what unhappiness) half clad in tattered weeds, and scarcely cover'd without a Figure: But as if vile raiment were a Vertue it self, it will be a Reproach to the deserving to be richly attir'd; neither is he thought worthy of Praise, who

dies

dies for his Countrey, if he sacrifice himself with well ordered Hair, and if by chance an importunate Hero should with a trim aspect put to flight his Enemies, the austere Laws would condemn him as though still drunk with Victory. When *Rome* was reduc't to so great extremity as wholly to despair of its sinking Empire; when the Sinews of War began to crack, and the Strength of the Republick began to languish, and *Roman* Valour could atchieve no more, the Senators did not take Sanctuary in Forts and Garrisons, nor did fly to Arms, but adorn'd themselves with their Robes and Purple; whose Senatorian Pomp representing the Sages as so many Gods, did strike such a reverence into the amazed Enemy, that ceasing to resist, and aw'd with the Religion of the solemn Spectacle they began to fear, retreat, and worship. What need we care? If adverse Fortune befals us, we shall die in the same gallantry, wherein we fought, and to the Angry Deities fall crown'd sacrifices: But if our success be prosperous, that will give credit and reputation, and recommend the Honesty, Vertue of our Magnificence, and will vindicate the lawfulness of our censured Glory.

DECLAM. XVIII.

Whether Philoſtratus *did well, who, to make Death Familiar, lived in a Tomb ſeven years?*

Againſt Philoſtratus.

WHen I contemplate nothing but the noiſome ruines of dead Men, and am converſant only amongſt Vaults and Sepulchers, I ſeem already ſentenced, and adjudged to death, having no other company in my ſqualid ſolitute, but the Society of Monuments and learned Marbles. I am encompaſſed on every ſide with gaping Tombs, but they are not vocal; for amongſt the Hiſtories and Epitaphs of famous Heroes, you will find a ſilence as deep, as the diſmal Cell wherein they are cloiſtered. Here you may ſee the Urn of a Commander adorned with Poetry, and Lawrel too; but as ſpeechleſs as the heaps of his Enemies over which he triumphed; There you may read inſcriptions as

as durable as the ſtone on which they are written, and which are ſacred to the memory of a voluble Orator, whoſe mouth now is fuller of duſt, than tis of Eloquence; and he that even now was begirt with a ring of living Admirers, now ſtands ſurrounded with the dumb Attendance of breathleſs Images.

It is reported that the Statue of *Memnon*, ſaluted by the raies of the riſing Sun, became vocal, as if the dead Image was Ambitious to proclaim the approach of ſo great a Deity, and as if that Muſical God that found out Harmony, had been the Author, and Inventor of ſounds too. But we need not the Influence of a propitious Heaven, here you may behold a Monument never ſaluted or ſeen by the Sun, and within it a Philoſopher (like a certain Oracle) uttering ſpeeches darker than the Cavern wherein he lies: For our *Philoſtratus* inhabits at once both his Study and Sepulcher too: He reads melancholy volumes that treat of death, and meditates of certain I know not what trivial notions, and invokes the Fiend with as fervent Zeal, as the warmer Poet his beloved Muſe. But oh! *Philoſtratus!* we have heard ſome times that the Muſes can inſpire, but never knew before that death could dictate. Away with thoſe ſolemn thoughts about your latter end! Fly

ſwifter than Fate from the Putrid rumes of filthy Carcaſes, and keep thy ſelf as ſafe from theſe as thou wouldſt from Death! For within the narrow confinement of this ſordid Cave, there is nothing lives, beſides thee and worms: The Air is infected with Stench and Rottenneſs, and the place is infeſted with nought but Horror; with the deformed Shapes of Ghoſts and Goblins.

'Tis true, we read of the Veſtal Virgins, that being once deflowr'd they were interred alive, and were condemned to the perpetual darkneſs of a diſmal Den; and ſo extinguiſht at once both the Flame of their Life and Lamp too. But if thou (*Philoſtratus*!) lieſt hid any longer in the Cloiſters of thy Tomb, we will ſuppoſe thee as criminal as the Guilty Nuns, and think the Auſterity of thy Life to be not ſo much thy choice, as thy Pennance. What Pleaſure lies hid in the obſcurity of a charnel Houſe? Wanton Lovers affect the night, that they may act in darkneſs; But behold! all things are unfit for laſcivious Embraces, all as cold as the Marble under which they lie; no kiſſes to be gathered, but from mouldred Lips, or from the Fragments that are left by glutted Worms.

Behold thy Companions in thy gloomy Cave!

Cave! Here are the Legs, and Armes; the Ribs and Thighs of thy scattered Ancestors, as void of Life as they are of Flesh; There lies a Head, which rob'd of its Beauty and Brains too, is a lively Image of that death thou adorest; behold the sockets of their extinguisht eyes! See the ruines of a nibled nose, as if devouring *Venus* had been preying upon the dead, as well as the riots, and feasts on the living.

What heinous crime hast thou committed, that thou alone shouldst live amidst the corruption of rotten Carcases; and inflict upon thy self that Punishment, which the greatest Tyrants do on their worst Enemies *i. e.* join thy self alive to dead Bodies? But thou (O *Nero!*) in the mean time deservest Praises, as great as the Universe, which thou rulest, who after a cowardly and ingrateful Revolt of thy Souldiers, and their Reproaches, more intolerable than their Crime, didst deny to go quick into the Earth, and wast content to rest under a little spot, who hadst the possession of the whole globe: It becomes thee who hast subdued the world under thy Feet, to die standing, and thou, who didst contemn in thy looks and language the Bowels of thy dear *Agrippina*, wouldst easily despise the viler Entrails of thy common Mother.

'Tis the Part of a Valiant, and Heroick Spirit, even against Fate it self, to level at those, who sit triumphantly, out of the reach of darts, in the Victorious Chariot, and to fear no more deaths blunter darts, than the keener steel of their Enemies. Vain are the Terrours of that petulant Fate, which in this only differs from a smooth Chameleon, that the latter is supported by the Attraction of Air, the former by the surreption of anothers breath: There is no reason therefore, (*Philostratus*!) to spend seven years in a Tomb, the better to overcome a momentary death. The Destinies are Sisters, and weak in Sex, and infirm too; and their Instruments are softer, than the wool they spin; what! does a Distaff, a Thread, and Scissars affright thee? These are the Toies, not of Men, but Women; and are as harmless, as the soft smooth Fingers, by which they are managed. Phisitians tell us, that decayed Nature is repaired again in the space of seven years, and that men are oftner clad with new Flesh, than new Garments; which if it be true, we believe thou livedst (*Philostratus*!) not that thou mightst die, but that thou mightst retrieve thy Youth, and that the whole bulk of thy Body (like the Hairs and Nails of other men) might be revived, and flourish with new

new Life. But beware, leſt whilſt thou lurkeſt in this gloomy ſhade, the Fates ſhould think thee already dead, and ſo ſhouldſt loſe the expected approach of the deſired Deſtinies, becauſe already buried.

Seeing therefore, Thou haſt ſuch an earneſt deſire to know death, leave this dormitory, and betake thy ſelf to *Mars*'s Field; and there thou maiſt ſee the Souldiers brandiſhing a Sword and Death in the ſame hand, which as ſwift as arrows, peirces the breaſt of ſtout Champions, and purpled with gore, Victoriouſly triumphs over proſtrate Captives! Think and meditate on divine *Brutus*, who with a careleſs Gallantry diſcourſed with Spectres, as with his familiar Friends. But if theſe Martial Camps, more dreadful with Horrour, than Throngs of Men, do not pleaſe thee; Fly to the mournful, yet laſcivious tents of *Venus*, and there behold Virgins (like Baſilisks) kill with the artillery of their Looks, ſhooting from their eyes glances keener than the ſhafts of their Enemies; For a deep furrow of a contracted Brow ſtrikes a greater Terrour than thy Sepulcher, and one tirannical Averſion of a diſdainful Eye, ſcatters Darkneſs as blind as the God of Love. There you may hear fruitleſs groans equalling the Torments of a neglected

lected Paſſion; and ſuch bluſtering ſighs, as if they would blow out thoſe Flames, which they ſo violently fan; There you may ſee tears flow from a diſconſolate Lover in ſuch a deluge, as if they would extinguiſh thoſe fires, which firſt cauſed them. Behold the Heart and Entrails ſo ſcrocht and burnt, that you would think their Breaſts not ſo much the Fence or Guard, as the Urn of their Bowels.

In theſe places, that Fate, which thou ſo deſireſt, thou maiſt with the ſame labour both ſeek, and enjoy, and (like buried Lamps) maiſt find in the open air that death, which thou couldſt not obtain in thy cloſer grave. This we think (*Philoſtratus!*) to be a Prodigy greater than thy Life, that whereas the names of others do ſtill ſurvive becauſe they are in Tombs, thine lives becauſe thou waſt a Sepulcher; and that Immortality, which others acquire by courting Fame, thou haſt puchas't by deſiring death.

DECLAM.

DECLAM. XIX.

Whether Cimon *did well, who for the more ſumptuous Interment of his Father ſold both his Liberty and Himſelf too.*

'TWas wiſely ordained by our Anceſtors, that as men, whilſt alive, ſhould be honoured with the Tribute of obſervance and reſpect, ſo when dead, ſhould be attended with the Ceremonies of a decent Funeral. Certainly a very commendable, and a moſt human Cuſtom, whereby Men excel other Animals, who know no other Rites of Burial, than the Solemnity of being devour'd by other Beaſts, and who have no other Tombs, than the living Sepulchers of their Fellow Creatures. But Humane Nature abhors the Brutiſhneſs of ſuch Obſequies; for a ſavage Conquetour ſeeing the field beſtrewed with arms and ſcattered limbs, bedews his garland and ſheds tears at the thoughts of his bloody Victory, and indulges his Enemies the civil pomp of an handſome Interment. Death puts

puts a period to the most barbarous Cruelty, which never raves beyond the Fatal Stroke. *Cæsar* wept at the Hesse and pitied the Fate of slain *Pompey*, whom when alive he persecuted with the greatest Fury, and with all the Methods and Arts of Ruine.

How unhumane is that Countrey, which suffers even Strangers to lie unburied! How much more therefore ought we to Honour with a Sepulcher a Citizen a Kinsman! But how great an impiety to leave a Parent expos'd to the open air! He is unworthy of his own life, that celebrates not with cost his Fathers death: Can a Son be excessive in kindness so to his Parent? for whom not only his Wealth and Liberty, but let him expend his very Life too. He can give nothing to him, but what he derived from him. Is he only obliged to reverence his Parents, whilst alive? Must he contemn and spurn at them, when dead? whom Death among the Antients did seem to consecrate, and whose Monuments were had in great Veneration. This our Heir therefore, whose Breast was inflamed with a Pious Ardor towards his Father, will not have him lie without a Sepulcher, and scorns that he should have no other Grave but a Prison, and therefore for the Magnificence of his Funeral, he sells his Liberty and himself too.

We

We have here a rare Example of unusual Piety, and of a Filial Care! *Cimon* shew'd himself a loving Son to his Father, when alive, and a Pious one, when he was dead. He imposed voluntarily on himself the Yoke of Slavery, that his Father might have a Monument; and lost his Freedome, that he might enjoy the Priviledge of the dead: He thought with himself, if his Father should want a Sepulcher, his name would quickly find one, and the Glory thereof be soon buried in Oblivion. Degenerous Posterity would lose the Example of so exellent Vertue, unless his Memory was committed to the faithful Custody of Eternal Marble, upon which his noble Exploits being engraven, would give duration to himself and to his Tomb too. He consulted both his own Fame and the Honour of his Father, who adorn'd his Herse with such Solemnity. What renown hath he purchased, who by his own Liberty hath set free his imprisoned Father, and that he should not want a guilded Tomb, He himself was the price of the noble Sepulcher.

DECLAM.

DECLAM. XX.

Cardan a Philosopher, and an Astrologer, having foretold the day of his Death, to fulfil his Prediction, and to save his credit, he starved himself with Hunger.

UNhappy *Cardan!* whose Reputation is either hazarded, or his Life exposed to Danger! The greatness of thy Spirit cannot brook the want of the one, nor humane Nature endure the loss of the other. But oh the Vanity of that Name, which Wickedness and Impiety do alone perpetuate, and whose everlasting Memory derives its Immortality from a death attended with so much Infamy! But pardon me most learned Ashes, and most unhappy Relicks! We dare not suspition so great a Ghost, nor accuse the deceased of such a Crime. Thou hast obeyed the Imperious Motions of the Heavens, and the cruel necessity of the harder Fates. *Cardan's* Art is greater than *Cardan*; and cannot be eluded by

by the Endeavours of Mysterious Philosophy. But what? He that can master his Affections and nearer charms, which scorch't and captivated other Mortals, doth he now yield to the distant, and straggling Stars? Those Stars (I say) which, (unless antiquity be deceiv'd) are much inferior to our Humane Nature, and are compell'd by it? How much more happily by the Flight of Birds, or Entrails of Beasts, might he have foretold the Event of things, and the hidden Treacheries and secret Stratagems of his Enemies!

There are some things the Gods envy the knowledge of to Mankind, and would have them chastly buried, and to lie hid in their first causes; least they should be prophaned and violated by too bold a research; supposing it to be the greatest piece of Learning to understand the revolution of Times and Festivals, wherein it may appease the displeased Deities, and humbly offer Incense to the Cœlestial Empire. How much prying Mortals have been punish't, and chastized for their too much Curiosity, the waters made Infamous by a premature and unexpected Fate, and *Vesuvius* celebrated for the Death of *Pliny*, do abundantly declare. But if it be a fault to dive and search into the first Principles and Motions of things, If it be criminal to fly

to

to the utmoſt Sphears, and to know more than vulgar Capacities, why was man endowed with reaſon? why doth that Particle of Divine Air animate a Being, that moulders and languiſheth with Sloth, and Negligence, but that it climbs up to the Stars, and viſits the ſeat of its firſt Original? Why is the Face of Nature not always the ſame, but various, ſometimes famous for the clearneſs of its operations, and ſometimes venerable for its miſterious workings? Why is it thus? but that it may exerciſe the activity of the vigilant Soul, and that there may be more matter for its contemplation? She is not ſatisfied (like the Body) with the delicacies of a treatment, not with all the Luxury of the Fruitful Seas, or Teeming Earth. She delights not (like that) in ſuch narrow Confinements, who feels not the bounds of an embracing Ocean, but rowes about into unknown tracts with a boundleſs Freedom. How doth ſhe ſoar aloft, big with ſcorn of this Inferiour World? Not wearied with the difficulties of its cragged ways, how doth it imitate the inceſſant motion of the firſt Heaven?

Moſt cruel Toil! we reach the Heavens with our Folly; and neglecting thoſe things, which are the only ſupport of the more ſolid Felicity of our Lives, we are diſtracted with the

the Images and Shadows of vainer Phantaſms. To theſe we pay our more frequent devotions, and to theſe we offer our daily Homage, till tir'd at length with the ungrateful Journey, like the waves, a long time toſſed with tedious Storms, we are wearied and languiſh, and are quite ſpent into Peace and Calmneſs. We are more affected with the narrow precincts of a little Village, more delighted with illiterate Eaſe, and a private Retirement, than with our former pale Endeavours, and with our traverſing the Univerſe, when with a ſacrilegious and bold Induſtry we wandered further than *Hercules* Pillars, and went beyond the bounds as well of Modeſty, as Nature.

From no other Fountain flowed our *Cardans* premature death, haſtened, to wit, by pertinacious Induſtry, and an indefatigable Soul; which although Fatal to its Maſter, yet grateful Poſterity will never mention without the higheſt Encomiums; and though far from Superſtition, it raiſe no Altars to his Merits, yet will enroll him amongſt Heroes, and advance him to the higheſt pitch of Mortals Ambition. Let others reproach his ſudden Fate, and abrupt Funeral, *Cardan* dies through no other, but his own wickedneſs; and in vain had he deſir'd in the Inhumane

Gete, or *Venetian* assassine, a more cruel mind to ascertain his Prediction; neither could he have found one more kindly cruel, as to free the Philosopher from infamous suicide; and Posterity would not have pardon'd the Crime, if committed by any other hand beside his own, which though it did most unhappily obey his Master in his Death, yet hath made amends for the Injury by his learned Pen.

But oh! the various Fluctuations of the Soul! This miserable man knows not what rock to cling to; at the same moment he doth both at once determine, and yet doubt to die. This Procrastination of his Destiny, argues a timerousness not becoming *Cardan*, and he had died more gloriously stab'd with a Sword, than starv'd by Famine. But this may be said in Favour of the Deceased, that he yielded up the Ghost with an undaunted Courage; and whilst others oppressed with Penury, and grinding Necessity, breath out a faint and languid Spirit, he neglects his sustenance, and yields to Fate. He underwent not the Destiny of *Petrius*, and Renowned *Cato*, who enjoyed the Felicity of a sudden End, but satisfied the cruel Command of his Governour, whilst he determined to perish gently by little and little, and not surrendring

to

to the Fates, but after a long ſiege, he truly perceives himſelf to die— And leaſt he ſhould be unhappy in his Death, Let him enjoy for me a ſilent Urn and peaceable Aſhes! Let the Stars be propitious, whoſe influence he aſſerted even with his Life and Blood! Nor let the Arts be ſilent of him, who was their great Patron and Protector.

DECLAM. XXI.

Alexander, *being ſaluted the Son of* Jupiter Hammon, *and thereupon arrogating to Himſelf Divine Worſhip, is accuſed of Pride by his Souldiers.*

He defends himſelf.

SEeing I have expoſed my ſelf (O ye *Macedonians*!) to ſo many dangers in your behalf, ſeeing I have preſerved you ſafe from the Injuries and Violence both of wa-

ters, and Enemies, at *Granicum*, *Cilicia* and *Arbela*, ſeeing I have ſtoutly maintain'd the Honour and Glory of the renowned *Macedons*, and have added, by my Victories, the ſubdu'd world to your Empire; I had thought, after ſuch Divine Teſtimonies of my Courage you would have ſubſcribed to mine Opinion, and would have affectionately embrac'd me like ſome ſacred Buckler, that had dropt from Heaven. But to Crown me with Divine Honours, I perceive, is not agreeable to your Cuſtoms; you therefore belch out your Reproaches againſt me, devote me to the ſhades, though every one of my Atchievements ſpeak me not ſo much a Man as a God; A Deity (I ſay) in regard I never had a repulſe, nay Fortune her ſelf, though obſtinate, durſt never contradict me.

How often have I, undaunted, rendered my ſelf obnoxious to certain Perils? and with an Invincible Courage, have (in ſpite of the Fates) reſtor'd the tottering chance of War? That I have triumph't over that fickle Goddeſs, that I have trampled under feet the ravenous Deſtinies, and that I am the only Monarch of the Univerſe, the Gods and you do well enough underſtand; that *Jupiter Hammon* hath rewarded my Deſerts with Immortality, and acknowledged me his Son, you ſufficiently know,

know, and tis needleſs to tell you; why do you not therefore, with bended knees, adore as a Deity my Divine Majeſty? why do you not believe *Hammon*, whoſe credit to this very day remains inviolable? Do Oracles utter Lies? Do you think me unworthy of the Society of the Gods? What? have not my conquering Arms advanc't me above the ordinary pitch of Mankind? Have they not made me equal to *Hercules* and *Bacchus*.

Obſerve, (O ye ungrateful *Macedonians!*) Is it nothing that I have trodden ſo much ſnow, that I have paſſed over ſo many impetuous Rivers, and travell'd over ſo many frozen mountains, which (if you believe Fame) have daunted *Hercules*, who had not Courage enough to attempt them? I forbear to mention Victories and Triumphs; I ſpeak not of ſubdued Kingdoms and Empires, which were not ſo much as known by him, much leſs ſubverted by his proweſs. I have raz'd *Thebes* without War or Blood, and my very Name hath ſtruck ſuch a Terrour into *Greece*, that it offered me a golden Crown of Victory, and hath choſen me her Captain. My ſtupendous Glory will not be confin'd within the narrow limits of the *Macedonian* Kingdom, but revolving in my mind the whole Univerſe, to make way for my future greatneſs, I

have landed a few men in *Aſia*, and at *Granicus* have quell'd my moſt dreadful Enemy with a great ſlaughter; have reduc't *Lidia*, *Ionia*, and *Phrygia*, and made them ſubmit to my Power.

Finally, having overcome and broken through all oppoſition, I came to *Iſſus*, where with repeated Victories, I diſcomfited *Darius* the Potent King of *Perſia* with his numerous Army. Afterward it came into my mind, or I recounted how many ſlain I ſent in one day to the ſhades below, inſomuch that *Charon* confeſſed that his own boat was not ſufficient, but that there was need of a whole navy of Ships for Tranſportation. And to omit my atchievements at *Tyre*, and *Arbela*, and an infinite more in other places, I arrived a Conqueror at the *Indian* Ocean, and made that a bound both at once to my conqueſts and the whole world; and put to flight their wounded Elephants, and made King *Porus* my miſerable Captive. Paſſing the River *Tanais*, I have deſtroyed the fierce *Scythians* with a great ſlaughter: and the rock *Aornon*, whoſe craggy difficulty forc'd *Hercules* from a ſiege, I alone have attempted, have climb'd it and conquered, and have raiſed my Trophies and Eternal monuments beyond the bounds of Father *Bacchus*.

Finally,

Finally, returning from *Memphis*, the whole world being at Peace, I made mine addresse according to the Custom of my Country to the Oracle of *Jupiter Hamon*, where I was joyfully received, and with the gratulations of the whole company of Priests; nay, *Jove* himself, the Father both of Men and Gods, descended from his studded Throne of Emrald, and saluted me as I approach't him; and after much compliement exchanged on both sides, He adopted me to be his Son, and commanded you to adore your King, and to worship him with Divine Honours.

But you neither hearken to his Commands, nor will believe that I am enrolled among the Gods. And your Envy doth daily more increase against me, because I hate not *Jove*, by whose Oracle I am pronounced a God. Are the answers of the Deities in my Power? He profered me the Name of a Son. I wish you would believe me a God, that so you might atone and appease the displeased Deities, and reward your King with Immortality and Glory; by whose warlike Prowess triumphant *Greece* hath been raised to the highest pitch of Felicity — But though now you think it much to bow your Heads to my Deity, yet I fancy when I shall be translated

to Heaven you will not deny me Divine Honor, and as ſoon as you perceive your baſe Ingratitude, whom now you hate, being preſent with you, you will lament and grieve for, when I am ſnatch't from you, and will perform due Honour, and Reverence to my Ghoſt and Aſhes.

DECLAM XXII.

——For Fear of Death,
'Tis madneſs to reſign our Breath.

HE is neither Patient nor Valiant, who amidſt the Tumult and Fury of War, cares not to die by the Sword of his Enemy, but covets to fall by his own Hand, he is to himſelf an Enemy, and to his Enemy a Friend; he is kind to them, and to himſelf a Tyrant. If when proſperous ſucceſs, ſhall crown our Endeavours, Life is ſo much eſteem'd midſt the pomp of Victory, that there is ſcarce matter for our Triumph, or time to admire, or adore our ſelves; Methinks 'tis ſtrange, after one frown of Adverſe Fortune, one blow of

an

an incenſed Enemy, ſo to be weary of our Breath, as not only to avoid and ſhun our Adverſary, but to run from our lives as a more cruel Enemy.

By doing thus, we both aſtoniſh Nature and Heaven too; who are not only Rebels to our ſelves, but ingrateful to it, and are Uſurpers too. For if we take away our lives with thoſe darts, which Nature has given for the defence of them, we make her to act in vain, and violate the ſacred Inſtitutions, and Laws of the Deſtinies. 'Tis not Glory, nor Valour; Honour nor Proweſs to yield to ſo eaſie a Death, and whilſt we ſpill our Blood againſt the Deities not enough propitious, we ſeek to revenge our ſelves of Heaven, and not of our Enemy. This Villany, officious Fame will tranſmit to Poſterity. Such a crime argues Degeneracy of Spirit; and 'tis not Valour but Fear overcomes us; ſo that our Bodies can hardly endure ſavage Tiranny, becauſe our Souls are weak and ſtupid. Signal Valour muſt be as hard as Adamant, and have a Breaſt an Anvil to all miſeries, which (like the invincible Palm-tree) muſt triumphantly riſe againſt all Preſſures.

Far be it that our Enemy ſhould glory in our overthrow without a wound or conflict! Far be it that his Sword (like the Baſilisk)

filisk) should shoot forth Death on a mer Spectator! Nothing can be desired worse tha Death: but now if Death be a reward, we must break our way through our Enemies Breasts, and because there is not room for Flight on Earth, we will pursue our Foe (as *Brutus* the Adulterer) to the Shades below. But perhaps he is not so furious a to be a Tormentor rather than a Commander: But if nothing can quench his thirst, but a draught of Blood, we must imitate the Example of the *Roman* Senate, not to desire Death, or fear it. When our Enemies approach, having adorn'd our selves with Pomp and Splendor, let us expire in state: And if we can suffer the Fatal stroke with an undaunted Spirit, let us not for shame be afraid of Enemy or Bondage, as if more cruel than Death. Let us not free our selves from prison by our own wounds, we will not purchase so inglorious a Refuge at such a rate; nor so obscurely descend to the Ghosts below; we will rather wholly be involv'd in chains. A Souldier shall load our Ambitious hands with such Bracelets. 'Tis no disgrace for such great Bodies to be lead Captive. We are of more worth than to become a triumphant Feast for the Furies. We will not submit our selves to a Martial, but bow our necks

to

to a Marriage yoke, deſiring to lie impriſon'd in more noble Embraces. We bluſh not (being ſubdued) to be carried Appendages to the proud Chariot. We will not imitate *Demoſthenes*, or *Varus*: Far be it from us to follow ſuch degenerous Commanders. But thou *Cleſia*! the wonder and glory of *Rome*: ſhalt be our pattern, we will croſs (like thee) not only over *Acheron*, but our Country River. For amidſt ſtorms and tempeſtuous Troubles, Valour breaks forth with a brighter Luſtre; ſo that if Heaven, Earth, and Air, ſhould conſpire againſt us, we will ſtand unaffrighted at ſuch great ruine. Such Proweſs if it cannot invite, yet ſhall ſcare our Enemies into Kindneſs and Clemency. If they will not commiſerate our ſad condition, let them be more ſparing of their brandiſh't weapons. But if they are aſham'd to put them into a dry Scabbard, and have a mind to lodge their Artillery in the quiver of our pierced Breaſts, let us fly enrag'd to the Infernal Lake, that not only our Foes, but Furies themſelves may be ſtruck with Fear and Conſternation. What Immortal Glory will accrue by this? we are as Famous in our Death, as Valiant in our Life. And although we are dead, yet perpetual Trophies ſhall preſerve us alive; and

and though no one will lament and bemoan our so unhappy Fate, yet Posterity will pay everlasting Homage and Eternal Veneration to our Tomb and Sepulcher.

DECLAM. XXIII.

'Tis better to travel abroad, than to tarry at home.

I Blush to see such a ring of Philosophers, and so many pale Students always plodding, and poring upon their Books. We ought surely to engage our selves in a more profitable Employ, and not to be confin'd in a narrower Study, than the whole World. He is truly a Scholar, who is vers'd in the Volumn of the Universe, as who doth not so much read of Nature, as contemplate, and study Nature her self. Those are but low and mean Spirits, who breath at home, and cling so fast to their Native Soil. The Diviner Soul, mindful of its Extraction, and Birth above, imitates Heaven, and delights in motion. Behold

hold the Stars, how they wheel about with unwearied Courses! How doth the Sea fluctuate with a restless wave? and (unless *Copernicus* had a whimsy) the Earth turns round, and is troubled with a Vertigo.

And do we not yet travel? Behold the Aspect of every thing invites you abroad! especially that verdant *Tempe*, and the embroidered *Elisium* of the new-born Spring! And who is he, unless condemn'd to the settle in chimny corner, that will not run to the joyful Nativity of the Infant-year, and gratifie his senses with the blooming Blandishments of the pleasant Fields? What disgrace doth attend the Houshold Deities? But if you take a voiage from home, here you are saluted with the proud height of *Alpes* and *Pyramids*, there you meet with the prodigious Fabrick of a burly *Colosse*; on this side a Landskip adorn'd with Cities, on that a Prospect shaded with Groves; on every side surrounded with new worlds, and encompassed with the Luxury of divers objects; so that your divided Senses turn doubtful Sceptricks, being distracted with the variety of fresh Spectacles, and register the remembrance of their past Pleasure. From whence proceed your Famous Wits? From whence arises Dignity,

Dignity, and Honour? Who was ever eminent or advanc't from ſmoke? or who was ever made immortal by a Domeſtick *Jove*? with whom, whoſoever through Sloth converſes and dwells, the Glory of his Fame will daily fade, his Sanguine Cheerfulneſs will be Phlegm and Dulneſs, his briſker Heat will cool and die, his Vigor Faint, his Life is Death, and his Name buried in ſilence and oblivion.

How many have there been (as experience tells us) who have come into the world dull and ſtupid, and condemn'd by Nature to the prophane Rabble, whom an ingenious ſearch into Forreign Parts (*Prometheus*-like) hath animated and enlivened with new Fires, and hath (as it were) made and framed them of new mould, hath refined them into Stars, and made them glorious Luminaries to diſpel the darkneſs of the cloudy Age? Again, how many are there of quicker parts, who though coæval with *Nejtor* within their private walls, yet have at length expired Fools and Ideots.

And what? Do we not travel yet? Why are we enlightned with two eyes? Why are we fork't, and branch't into two legs? what did Nature mean to diſtinguiſh man into ſo many Senſes, and almoſt crown'd him with

Immor-

Immortality? Why did she fix the mountains, pour out the Sea? Why did she embellish and bespangle the world with such Star-like Spectacles? 'Tis strange! What was her intent? Far be it, that we should thus defraud our Nature and Genius, that such Divinity should lurk and be concealed in a Chimny-corner, and should die, and expire in a cloud of Smoke! Every thing in the world is an Emblem of Travel: For what else are the Motions of the Stars, the Flights of Clouds, the Career of the Sun, and the Course of the Moon, the Fall of Waters, the gliding of Rivers, the Frisking of Beasts and Swimming of Fishes, in woods and streams; I say, what else are all these, but representations of travel, and a waifaring Life? But to come a litter closer: seeing these kind Invitations do but little move you, we will flatter you into travel with more winning insinuations, and shall give you a Prospect of that pleasing Variety, of those ravishing Delights, which feed the Curiosity of an inquisitive Traveller; and they are such, which captivate the wandring Senses with such powerful charms, that whom they cannot perswade, by a gentle violence, they will draw abroad.

Here (believe me) are to be seen such alluring objects, which will even tire the multitu-

dinous

dinous ſight, and the viſive faculty of all-eyed *Argus*; which once being veiwed, make us ready to wiſh to be perpetual Spectators with an alternate eye. There are odors which feed you with their breath: here dainties, which you cannot ſo much as look on with idle Lips, on every ſide do occur ſuch potent delights, ſuch prevalent entertainments, that a Sceptick cannot queſtion their command they have over us.

But now ſuch is the unhappy condition of home-bred Clowns, that nothing is the object of their Senſes, but what is ordinary and familiar; They ſee nothing ſtrange and rare; what they do to day, that they do to morrow, and every day; and what they ſee now, doth accur alwayes; Let us not therefore, as if unlawful to exceed the bounds of our Native Soil, end our days on the ſame ſpot, whereon we began them, and ſo expect death under the ſame Climat, wherein we received our life. What matter is it what ground we tread? what Air we breath in, or in what Region we behold the Sun. That publick Exchequer of Light doth ſcatter his Treaſure to all alike; it every where glides the ſame Heaven; we are in all places refreſh't by the ſame Air, and whereſoever our Souls are ſolicited and treated by new

Spectacles,

Spectacles, they can only diſcover divers Scituations, but not another Earth: Let us not therefore, as if born and condemned to one corner of the Globe, breath our laſt, within the ſame walls we received our firſt; for he that lies hid at home does not live but is buried in his houſe, whoſe cloſet is his Sepulcher, upon which you may inſcribe this Epitaph, (*hic ſitus eſt*) here he is laid. But (thou moſt noble Youth!) whom Arts have inſpired with a freer Genius, who art as willing to traverſe the world as well with thy feet, as to rove about it in thy active mind; Fly! Begon! thou canſt not be ſafer in thine own houſe! Fancy the Univerſe to be thy *Lyceum*, and the ſeveral Regions the Authentick manuſcripts of the old ſtagyrite, all which having run over, thou wilt at length become a true ſtagyrite. Viſit the amphibious Provinces of the *Dutch* Otters, thoſe Citizens of the Sea, who are leſs acquainted with their own, than with other Nations, and who have a Countrey where they have no Land. Or if thou hadſt rather, go ſee and conſult the *Britains* ſeperated and divorced from the whole world, whom you will find encompaſs'd with the embraces of the Sea, which is not ſo much their Priſon as Defence, who are not its Captives, but Lords over it; For

there is no tract of the Earth untrodden by the *Britain*, no creek of the Ocean, but he has ſailed in it. There is nothing diſtant or hard to him; there is nothing, but what he hath either overcome or ſeen; hath meaſur'd by his travels, *France*, and *Italy*; *Spain* and *Germany*; *Aſia* and *Africa*, and hath taken a journey to unknown Parts. Some have ſo curiouſly pried into the Northern Regions, as that they have left the Sun and Light behind them, and have followed ſo far the direction and conduct of the Polar-Star, till 'twas no longer their Guide, but a Companion in their Progreſs. Others not leſs ſcorch't with heat, than theſe were benumb'd with cold, have advanc't ſo far into Southern Climates, as to have ſeen the chambers of the riſing Sun, and view'd the cradle of the Infant-morn; where kinder *Phœbus* ſheds not his raies on the Heavens only, but munificently gildes the Earth too, in whoſe boſome you may find mountains of gold without a fiction, and ſuch heaps of jewels, which are only vile through their great Plenty. Let us not therefore alwayes devote our ſelves to the idle Muſes, nor dote on the Sophiſms of knotty Scientes; Let us not, cloyſtered in our Studies, perpetually be enſlav'd to the Liberal Arts; ſeeing the utmoſt pitch of our Endeavours

deavours and Sweat are ſubtle Niceties, empty Notions, ſolemn Trifles, and learned Nothings. Let us no longer ſo curiouſly ſearch after their abſtracted ſubtleties, nor hunt any more after their fugitive inventions; But laying aſide all laborious contemplations, let us meaſure in our progreſs the dimenſions of the globe! let us reach its bounds, and wander as far as the remoteſt *Antipodes*! let our eyes rove with their wanton glances, let our noſes imbibe the fragrant breath of refreſhing odours; and let us treat our palats with the magnificent Feſtivity of rich *Viands!* let the whole troop or brigade of our Senſes travel; and we being ſurrounded with a guard of their pleaſures, here let us view the ſweet perfumes of *Tmolus*, there go ſee the ſcents of *Theſſalian* Fields! Now let us go viſit the golden ſtrand of yellow *Tagus*, and the pretious ſtreams of rich *Pactolus*; anon enjoy the raviſhing Felicities of happy *Arabia*, and the delicious Prodigalities of the luxurious *Indies*! nay, have at the wanton Treaſures of the whole Univerſe, which if I ſhould attempt to deſcibe to you in bare words, 'twould be as great a Soleciſm, as to make an Oration to your eyes, or to declaim and harangue to your noſes; I ſhall therefore wave the travel of our Senſes, and ſhall omit that fertil preg-

nancy ſo big with Delights, which are wont to raviſh thoſe noble Centinels of our Souls, I mean our Senſes, whenſoever they travel.

And what do you ſay now? do theſe things ſpeak but coldly? we will urge the matter home, and preſs it further. Go too! prepare your ſelves, and behold the dangers of a domeſtick Education.

What do men do within their private Habitations? they ſit ſtill; Oh ſad! How often do we ſee thoſe home-bred Ruſticks buried in Sloth, and wallowing in Intemperance! How frequently drown'd in a deluge of Liquors, who overwhelmed in *Lethe*, do breath out their immoderate Souls in a mortal dream! whereas the lively and moving Spirits, do by their Sobriety obtain of the Deſtinies a longer thred, who indulging their Senſes a pleaſant variety of grateful objects, become eminent and conſpicuous, famous and illuſtrious, and (to ſpeak more gloriouſly) mortal Deities, famous and conſpicuous? why ſuch you may find amongſt the Houſe-hold Gods; For they have their wonders and ſpectacles worthy your ſight; For what elſe are thoſe luxurious ſpend-Thrifts, who make themſelves old, even before their youth, who waſt their Patrimony in unlawful loves, alwayes quarelling for new Miſſes; who in their

their Minority are ripe for Hell, and provoke and invite unwilling death before their time.

Let us rejoice, and triumph! let us elevate our Spirits! Forſake the chimny-corner, abandon Sloth! let us riſe, walk, and be travelling! Our will commands us; Pleaſure deſires us; our hands and feet importune us; at home dangers affright us, abroad ſpectacles invite us. Rejoice, and triumph!

Hath nature chain'd us to one clod? Hath it condemn'd us to one corner? ſhall we lead our lives within the narrow precincts of a few miles? ſhall we grow old in the confines of one cottage? where we lived, ſhall we there die? I bear about me but ſix ounces of duſt, which I owe to our common mother (for the Chymiſtry of *Cardan* found no more in the aſhes of a calcin'd body) and what matter is it, where my Tabernacle is diſſolved, and where I pay ſo ſmall a debt? at home through Luxury and delights we grow effeminate, and are melted and diſſolved through domeſtick ſoftneſs.

Let us away then to the frozen pool; and let us admire orbicular ſurrounding amphitheatrical ſhadowes of the remote *Amphiſcii*! The acute Mathematicians meaſure the Earth with grains, and weigh it with ounces; they will tell you the number of the duſt of the

Earth, and compute the quantity of the drops of the Sea: the vastness of the former, and the wideness of the latter they will contract and crowd into the narrow compass of little maps; where the *Turkish* Empire is comprized in a blot, and the large *Danow* represented by the slenderness of a thin line. Would you hold and grasp Nature abridg'd in the compass of your hand? why *Hondius* hath fram'd most exactly such artificial worlds, that you may compass the Universe with the length of your fingers, and go beyond *Drake* with your extended Palm.

But what do men at home? they drink and swill: Here the gluttony of *Apicius*, there the softness of *Sardanapalus*: here prodigal wretches consume and waste their dwindled Fortunes, there Gormondizers bury their Patrimonies in the gulph of Luxury; here beardless youth devoted to *Bacchus*, there riper age martyrs to *Venus*; some born in a richer dirt, and more prodigal soil, are enslaved to the Fortune of an uncertain die! others more covetous, and adoring gold, fleece the poor, and defraud the needy, and with winged speed, fly to the commition of all Evil.

And do not all these things prevail yet? behold the notable Example of great *Alexander*! from whence (most worthy Heroe!)

hadst

hadst thou thy wit and parts? what *Pallas* (as I may say) I want a word) did Parnassate thy Soul with such Learning and Vertue? what was it plac'd thee, being greater than all Encomium, and enrolled thee among the Gods? did not thy viewing in travel, Cities and Countries? let me ask ye (O ye famous worthies, *Hercules*, *Cato*, *Cicero*, *Plato* and *Cæsar!*) how did ye become so glorious? though you are dead, yet your Example speaks: 'twas your Familiarity with forreign Parts, that transmits your renown to succeeding Ages. I could cite infinite others both of former and present times: but I cannot omit the never dying, or deathless memory of Queen *Elizabeth*, whose happy Virginity fruitful in Dominions (though not in Children) hath Christen'd Regions with her Name and Religion; hath planted Colonies in a new world, and hath removed *England* into the distant Continent. What shall I say of him, whom I will not call the Envy, but the wonder and amazement as well of Ancient as Modern Conquerors; who, Companion to the Sun, hath compassed the world with that daily travellor; who hath laid open and discovered the hinges of the Universe, and to whom we are so much indebted for the

knowledge of Nature, as to the famous Stagyrite, its chiefeſt Secretary.

But to conclude, and that our Oration need not want authority, behold! it boaſts of Kings and Nobles; amongſt whom let us fix upon our Famous *Charles* of bleſſed memory, who was both a Guide and Example to forreign travel, who though much admired by his own Countrey, yet returned more conſpicuous by his *Spaniſh* Accompliſhments, and Forreign Acquiſitions.

DECLAM. XXIV.

Againſt travelling abroad, &c.

THere is nothing which we cannot both ſooner and ſafer acquire by the motion of our eye at home, than by the weary ſteps of our feet abroad. How many rare ingenious perſons hath a forreign Sky unhappily transformed into beaſtly monſter? They have returned only with humane aſpect, and like the Olympick *Joves* mentioned in the Poet,

Poet, have appeared glorious with their golden heads, but are mean and ſordid with their dirty bodies; like *Coloſſean* Images they raviſh without with the pleaſant Hypocriſie of charming colours, but within terrifie and affright with the ugly ſhape of an Ape or Serpent. They are more niçe and effeminate than *Sardanapalus*, who are ſoftned by Venery into putrefaction; whoſe exceſs and debauchery hath non-pluſs'd *Bacchus*, and hath drank dry even the God of Tipple. There is no unheard of Villany, which they have not either done or thought of. Behold! what aking heads? what ſwoln, puſt up, *Boreas*-like, cheeks! what dull and heavy eyes! what tottering feet! how often do they diſgorge up their Souls amidſt their intemperate cups? and are buried with the Solemnities of drunken *Bromius*? 'Twas travel that brought us this vice, and the *Dutch* good-fellow-ſhip hath taught us Drunkenneſs.

Whence comes it that our Femaſculine Matrons, our *Engliſh Syrens* are ſo ingenuous for Pride, who place not an hair without advice, but call a Court for the diſpoſing of every lock, who diſpence not a nod without Counſel, whoſe eyes glance not without an Edict, and whoſe feet do move in exact meaſure. How do they counterfeit Nature; who ſo drench

their

their looks in oils, and washings, that they lose their faces and complections in their gally-pots; they so glitter in their silks, and are so critically attired in so exact a dress, as if they would break the eyes of every Spectator. From whence such petulant, and sparkling eyes? Certainly Pride taught this vice of travelling, and we may thank haughty *Italy* for these prodigies and crimes against Nature. How often do we feel *France* in our bones? and how often find *Paris* on our bodies, which sometimes doth oppress with a fashion, and sometimes punish.

Let every one breath in the Air, wherein he was born! and let him not with weary steps seek those things under another Sun, which he enjoys under his own! our *Lares* tell us there is nothing more pernicious to good manners, than distant visits of forreign Cities: there is none but brings home or commends some vice or other. Embassadors seldome return with the same humors they exported abroad; they barter fashions, and are laden home with exotick customs. *Cato* and *Lelius* can scarce keep themselves from being corrupted and debauch't; against whom the most ununiform rabble have prepared *Circean* cups to entoxicate them.

A

A juſt man, *tenax propoſiti*, worſhips and adores his domeſtick *Joves*; and, if we are wiſe, let us love, our Muſes, and go no further than this our *Parnaſſus!* 'tis wiſdome to keep in our preſent Manſion: for what is more unworthy a prudent man than to endure patiently the duſt and Sun, for many years in the acquiſition of that, which one ſingle Paragraph, one ſingle Page will teach him in one hour.

The Schools are open, and Library publick: here you read with tears of the rubbiſh and aſhes of ruined *Troy*, of *Priamus* wanting a funeral Pile. Here you may read in claſſick Hiſtory of *Mauſolaums* and *Pyramids*; of *Coloſſus*, and *Hercules* Pillars, and whatſoever is celebrated by the voice of Fame.

THE

THE
Second Part.

DECLAM. I.

Whether Vertues are implanted in man by Nature? Affirm'd.

WHen we wander with our eyes through the dubious varieties of diſtracting Nature, and when we behold the roof of the world ſo richly beſpangled with poſies of Stars, that flame above, and the floor of the ſame, ſo luxuriouſly deck't with *Aſteriſms* of Flowers that twinckle beneath, or when we ſee as it were the flowry Pavement of Heaven beſtrew'd with Stars, and the Starry Firmament of the Earth ſtudded with Flowers, when

when we view the Univerſe on this ſide bright, and arraied in Flame; on that ſide dark, and veild with Shade; here gilded with the radiancy of a glorious Sun; there billied with the horror of an Eclipſing Cloud; I ſay when we have a Proſpect of theſe things, nothing is the object of our ſight, but wonders, and ſuch prodigies that ſurpaſs all humane Invention. And as we admire the Landskip of the bigger world, ſo are we ſtricken with an equal amazement at the ſight of the leſs, I mean the ſtupendous Fabrick of mortal man. See! with what a lofty Perſon and Majeſtick Stature doth he ſhoot upward, whereas groveling Animals are prone downwards! what Skill and Mechaniſm doth his very Model declare? what excellent contrivance is legible in his contexture? what curioſity of Art doth the leaſt Atom boaſt! with what a grace doth Beauty, that Empreſs of his fore-head, command and ſway? how are his cheeks enflamed with the bluſhing Oriency of a purple die? What ſparklings in his eyes! what roſes in his lips! what driven Snow adorns his neck? what comlineſs and feature lie ſcattered midſt the excellent proportions of every Limb? Laſtly, what raies of Divinity do ſhine from his head?

If

If we contemplate the Elegancy of this Fabrick, and the most accurate Industry of Nature in this Structure; if we consider the Pillars of this Royal Palace, and the Buttereſſes that ſupport the vaſt bulk of this proud Edefice; if we obſerve the Courts without and the Cloſets within, the perplexed Labyrinths and intricate Mazes of winding Arteries, and the marvelous Luxuriency into ſprouting nerves; when we reflect (I ſay) on theſe things, we muſt needs be aſtoniſh'd, and cannot but exclaim with *Zoroaſter* of old, O man the Miracle of daring Nature! Admiration it ſelf is delighted with this Spectacle, and Nature her ſelf is intoxicated with her own work.

And as ſhe hath bleſt the Body with ſuch excellencies, ſo might ſhe have furniſh't the Soul with the like Endowments, in reſpect of whom, Heaven it ſelf is worthleſs, and to whom the whole world gives place, and veils its bonnet: but the Immortal Gods have deny'd Nature ſo great a Boon, leaſt too impudently ſhe ſhould boaſt that ſhe is born a Goddeſs. If ſuch a conſtellation of Vertues ſhould club at the Nativity of a poor Mortal, certainly Man muſt be reckoned, if not in the ſame rank with, yet in the next form to the Eternal Deities, from whom they differ (according to *Pliny*) in Immortality only.

But

But however, let us not vilifie and diſparage the gifts of Nature, who hath been very bountiful and obliging to us; the hath inſtil'd into us the Principles of Goodneſs, and hath put it into our power (if we will) to be Vertuous. The Callous Farmer plows up a grave in his Mother Earth, and buries his Corn in the Bowels of our common Parent; but if the ingrateful Soil ſhall devour the Seed, and deny a Reſurrection, or an expected Harveſt, the fault is not in the Huſband-man, but in the barren ground. Nature hath ſcattered in us ſeeds of Vertues, but if there ſhall follow no crop 'tis not Nature, but we are unprofitable. But if it had pleaſed the Immortal Gods to have crowned men with Vertue, without Labour, then there had been reaſon why Nature ſhould be blamed, and not man, and we might have juſtly complained, that ſhe is ſo cruel a Step-mother as to bring us into the world polluted with Vice and utterly deſtitute of all Vertue; but ſeeing Heaven ſells all things to Mortals for Sweat and Labour, and Vertues are the products of Study and Induſtry, and not the effects of meer Nature: men have no reaſon to grieve that ſhe is ſo hard and cruel. In all men there are ſome glimmering hopes, which ſeeing they die with age, it is manifeſt

ſeſt, therefore Nature was not defective, but that care was wanting. Let us not accuſe Nature of Impotency, who though pregnant with Vertue, yet brings it not forth, for that is beyond her Strength and Power, nor (which is a more juſt complaint) let us indict her of Impiety, who is always a cheriſher of Mankind.

'Tis true, one man excels another in the acuteneſs of his Faculties, yet our common Parent hath not ſo diſinherited any man of Ingenuity, as to leave him deſtitute of all inward Accompliſhments. Some ſhe hath produced ripe for knowledge, who (*Papirius* like) are capable in minority of Court Employments; but others muſt be anvill'd, and as it were be manufactured by Diſcipline to be made fit for Improvements. She hath not (as the *Stoicks* fondly dream) ſo clear'd the paſſage to Vertue, as that a man may arrive to it without Labour. Some certain colours a fleece eaſily imbibes, others (unleſs incorporated as it were into its very ſubſtance) it will hardly receive; thus humane Souls ſometimes unfledg'd, and in their Infancy, haſten to be endowed with Maxims of Prudence, and ſometimes arrive to Dotage before they can attain to Knowledg. An happy Education, and early Inſtruction will much

much conduce to the faſhioning of our Manners, and the morning of our daies bluſhing with the tincture of wiſe Precepts, will have a good influence in the ordering our Converſation, for they ſooner reach the top, who ſweating in the aſcent, are elevated by the ſtrength of ſupporting hands; But however, the way that leads to Wiſdome and Vertue, is not block't up from any man; beſides, that Power of working, which Nature hath implanted in every man, like an indulgent Parent, ſhe hath bleſt Mortals with another Faculty, which diſpoſes to the Exertion of that Power, which ſome call *Potentia ſecunda*; but I rather name it an Inclination or Genius; for we uſually ſay that every man of his own Nature and Genius is prone and hath a propenſity to this or that. Such Diſpoſitions and Genius's are inbred in us, but lame and imperfect, yet ſo, as that by Exerciſe and Induſtry they may be much improved; Nature hath not preſcribed ſuch narrow limits to mans advancement, but that he may riſe from one degree of Eminency and be inſtalled in another, ſo that a common Souldier may have the preferment of a General, and private men may ſoar to the Dignity of Kings and Emperours; thus the Soul is not confin'd within ſuch ſtrait bounds, as to remain alwayes the ſame ſhe

is by Nature, but may refine her Being, and enlarge her self by Study and Industry. The Genius therefore, and disposition of every man must be tenderly cherish't, and be cultivated by Art, that Vertue may blossom from the first Principles, and Elements of Nature. A Souldier armed with Courage, and actuated with the Spirit of Valour and Gallantry, whose undaunted Breast knows no retreat, if his stout Bravery be sharpen'd by conflicts, and is daily conversant in the storms of War, he must needs be Victorious, and a man of conduct, he must needs understand the Stratagems of his Adversary, and at his Pleasure returns with Spoils from his Enemy; but if at the sight of Battalions, his Magnimity shall dwindle into Sloth and Cowardise, he adorns his Flight, but not the War; and destroyes with fear the natural briskness of his steely temper, which Labour and Hardship had fermented into Stoutness and Heroick Resolution. Thus the seeds and sparks of Vertue that lie buried in our Souls, unless actuated and enliven'd by Study and Industry, will certainly wither and vanish into nothing; but if manur'd by Labour they will daily sprout and shoot up into maturity. Though Vertue receive some imperfect blushes and hints from Nature, yet 'tis perfected by Documents, and sage

ſage Inſtructions. All our Counſels and Endeavours tend only to repair the ruines of Nature, all Art and Diſcipline would ſupply its defects; for Inſtructions would be ſuperfluous, if Nature were ſufficient. Duſt and Sun are the forerunners, and the Preface to the Palm of Victory. The beſt things are beſieged with the greateſt difficulties, and as not Riches, ſo neither do Vertues pop upon the Slothful and Idle. They grow on a Precipice, and whoſoever will gather them, with much Sweat and Panting muſt reach after them.

DECLAM. II.

Whether Nobility is Natural or Hereditary, and propagated by Traduction to Poſterity? Denied.

WHat? honour a native ornament? I pray tell me, what have Mortals e're received from Nature beſides to Live and to Die? 'Tis true, ſhe hath given them a

ductile Being, to be ſpun and wire-drawn into a few years, hath granted them a little dawning and morn of Life, but (alas!) it will quickly determine in a twilight, and night of Death. What? do our Peers owe their Titles to Nativities, and their Badges to the Midwifery of a ſilly woman? can ſacred Purple, the enſign of their Honor, be fitted and adapted to a poor Infant? is it enough to ennoble one to have been born into the world, to have cried, and to have ſeen one day? what therefore doth it avail a man to orerun the world, and to meaſure it with the Geography of his Arms and Triumphs, and to pant and breath out his great Soul midſt the thickeſt of his Enemies, if Nobility be natural, and not to be aſcribed to the merits of Vertue? as if *Alexander* was not honorable enough by his univerſal Conqueſt without being the Brat of his ſire *Philip*; and as if it was more credit to *Hercules* to be *Jupiters* Baſtard, and to be the off-ſpring of the womb of impure *Alcmena*, than to have underwent ſuch famous and renowned Labours.

Why ſuch diligence in the tedious exerciſe of ſevere Vertue? why ſuch waiting and attendance on the pale Muſes? who will not laugh at *Cato's* Stoiciſm, at the lamp of *Epictetus*? who

who will not deride the whole learned world, is Nobility ſprung from Nature? and is not the Product of Wit, of Parts, of Vertue and good manners? let a mans converſation be Vitious and his life profligate; let his Intellectuals be ſtupid even to a Prodigie and a Proverb; let nothing be handſome and comely in his Body; nothing Mercurial, and aiery in his Soul, yet Nobility ſhall be liſted among crimes, where to live and to be, is enough to dub one honourable without converſation and living well; where Extraction, and not Learning; where Blood, and not Vertue, creates a Gentleman.

But what is this Gentile Blood? tell me I pray you, whoſe Anceſtors are ſuppoſed to have inſtill'd into your veins a more noble gore. All Blood is of the ſame colour; and if ſome doth boaſt a purer die, 'tis not Nobility but Health and Conſtitution that gave the tincture. The Phiſician in *Phlebotomy* cannot diſtinguiſh betwixt the Generous Stream, and the Plebeian Flood. What? Is the Blood a juice of an higher rank? and are the other Humors inferiour and common? why do you not eſteem ingenious Melancholy? Martial Choler, and light Flegme? If Honor is in the Blood, what is more refin'd than the Liquor that flowes in vulgar veins? on whoſe

skins dwells the whiteneſs of driven Snow, on whoſe cheeks ſits the Vermilion of a modeſt bluſh, and through whoſe whole bodies is ſpread a Sanguine Complexion. In the Field of *Mars*, the King and the Subject, the General and common Souldier fall with an equal Fate, but with different Glory, ſhall I think the latter ſpilt more ignoble Blood for his Countrey, than did the former? he is a wretch, who eſteems not the leaſt ounce as dear to himſelf, as doth the great *Cæſar*.

But admit, that Nobility doth lodge in the Blood, yet it is but a little that flows within the narrow channels of our Veins and Arteries. But this Gentile Pluriſie ſeems at length to ſink, and what? is there any thing beſides Blood and Spirit that can conduce to Nobility? not Illuſtrious Titles, which are eaſily comprized in a few letters, and can ſoon be pronounced by a little breath; not much money, for he is not *Eques*, whoſoever is *Auratus*; not magnificent Structures, for we are covered with the roof of Heaven and with infinite Stars; nor the tedious Genealogy of an ancient Family; For trace thy Pedigree beyond *Deucaleon* and the *Arcades*, and take in the *Ariſtotelean* Eternity of the world to boot, proceed *ad infinitum* in the Series of thy Anceſtry, at length thine antiquated and obſolete Nobility will

will be drained to its dregs and to the leaſt drop of Gentile Blood. An ingenuous Nature is aſhamed to rake for Honour in the Urns and Aſhes of his Fore-Fathers. 'Twas not Hereditary Dignity of his Stock and Lineage that adorned *Tully*; he roſe from nothing, whom if any ſhould diſenrol from the liſt of Heroes, he deſerves not only the Fury of my Speech, but the Satyrs and Scorpions of his *Roman* Eloquence.

What a ſmall matter is it to be born of Nobles? worms and flies, the vileſt Inſects, that are either the errours or ſpot of wanton Nature, claim an Alliance to the glorious Heavens, and derive their Pedigree from the Sun and Stars. Nobility ſtreaming to a long Poſterity (like waters, wandring too far from their Source) degenerate from the worth of their famous Anceſtors, do (as it were) fall quite from the purity of their Chryſtal Spring.

But whom, do you think, I eſteem Noble? certainly him that is ingenuouſly born, and as ingenuouſly bred, that is tinctur'd with Learning, and temper'd with Vertue: him, who is the golden boy of ſmiling Fortune, that widely differs from the bragging rabble, which by no other title can pretend to Nobility, *quam Natura Coccino et Caſtoreo.*

DECLAM. III.

Whether to live with a Friend is a thing much to be deſired? No.

BE gone (O my Friends) I deſire not ſo much your ſight as abſence, and had rather enjoy your room than company. I am willing ſometimes to be divorced from you, neither do I covet alwayes to live with you; for friendſhip that is alwayes converſant in my preſence becomes almoſt hatred, grows ſlender, diſdainful, and is very haughty. You cannot be ignorant, what Flames of contention are uſually kindled, and attend that Amity, which is ſupported and maintained by mutual aſpect, and how often tis offended with trivial things. Thoſe whom we have paſſionately loved, and whoſe ſweet Society have importunately deſir'd, as not only Friends but Brothers and Children, and (if there be any thing more dear) the very Deity it ſelf of Friendſhip, even theſe (I ſay) we wiſh to be abſent, if they hinder our Studies and obſtruct our buſineſs; O what fervent Zeal is there to be found in Love? what

jars

jars in Wedlock! what ſighs and tears, what complaints and ſuſpicions 'twixt jealous *Paramours!* what civil Wars, I will not ſay betwixt Maſters and Servants, betwixt Brothers and Siſters, Children and Parents, Parents and Children! what Indignation is ſtirred in them againſt their Off-ſpring, who whilſt they deſire to be good, look on them as bad; and ſo do as it were after a manner hate them, whilſt they do moſt affectionately love them. Come we now to the ſacred name of Friendſhip, which being derived from Love cannot be conceived to exiſt or be without that Paſſion. But what difference in the lives and actions of Friends though they agree in their Ends? how do they claſh in their Opinions, Advices, and Counſels! what conflicts about Religion and ſacred things? whereas in abſence no conteſts and bickerings, no gall and bitterneſs, nothing pungent and afflicting, beſides deſires, and yet theſe longings have a reliſh of Sweetneſs and Delight.

Tell me (O my *Pamphilus*) why amongſt the many wiſhes of men, the chiefeſt of their deſires is the fruition of their Friend, why do they covet his Society under the ſame roof? is it becauſe diſtance of place makes Friendſhip languiſh, and is remoteneſs the bane of all Fidelity?

Fidelity? doth the aspect of thy Friend shed complacency and a quietness into thy Soul and art thou but half thy self in his absence but if a Friend may be possess'd not only naturally, but civilly too; how can absence hinder him from sitting and walking, from riling and jesting, from seriously discoursing and conversing with thee? sometimes a Friend not discern'd, but when he is absent. A glass of Friendship is nauseous and insipid, but an appetite after it gives a relish to its taste wherefore if the great Masters of Love prescribe an intermission of enjoyment as very expedient for *Paramours*, whose whole pleasure is in presence, why is not an *interregnum* of fruition as convenient for Friends, in whose Vertue all delight is plac'd, and is not any way incommoded by absence, in regard it is every where present. I know not whether *Epicurus* was at *Athens*, or else where, when writing to his Friend, he bid him do all things as if *Epicurus* saw him. But certainly *Seneus* was in *Campania*, when speaking to his *Lucilius*, living in *Sicily* by letters, he exhorts him to study, sup, and to walk with him, which things he could not perform, unless he act them on the Scene of Fancy without the help and ministery of Coporal Organs. But perhaps thine eyes anxiously desire thy

Friend

Friend when abſent: 'tis true, ſomewhat is withdrawn from thy ſight by abſence, but nothing from thy mind; no nor from thine eyes neither, if it be a true, firm, and well eſtabliſh't Union.

For *Cicero* in an Epiſtle to his Friend *Balbus* fighting in *France* under the Command of *Ceſar*, tells us that he ſaw him not only in his mind, but with his eyes too; which if it be ſo, tell me (my good Fellow!) why canſt thou not both hear thine abſent Friend and ſee him too? unleſs your ſight is more quick and ready at a laſcivious caſt, than at a Vertuous glance, and you eſteem ſound more honourable, than chaſt Love, which no diſtance or force can obſtruct or hinder— If we ſhould behold nothing, but what is directly before us and confronts our ſight, and only preſent objects ſhould delight and pleaſe us, then our vition muſt needs be narrow, and all our Enjoiments very ſcanty; then farewel all joys of mental operations, and the complacency that we find in ſevere Speculations.

Do not therefore rack thy ſelf with the thoughts of thine abſend Friend! do not reſent his departure heinouſly! he that hath learn't to bear the death of his Friend, will never be concern'd, or flinch at his abſence. If thou only conſidereſt of this in Friendſhip, that its

its Foundation is perpetual, firm and ſtable, then Death it ſelf can take nothing from thee. Haſt thou never heard how *Lælius* in *Tully* comforted himſelf? how doth his dear *Scipio* live with him? how doth the Fame and Vertue of his deceaſed Friend ſurvive and flouriſh, and ſhall never be blotted out of the regiſter of his memory? do not therefore yield to thy deſires, but embrace thy Friend in Idea and Contemplation, whom neither Death nor Abſence can take from thee! lament not the departure of thy ſweet Aſſociate; for this bitter abſence will ſweeten, and render more luſcious his deſir'd preſence.

DECLAM. IV.

Whether Friendſhip is the burden of Vertue? No.

I Cannot think Love to be ſo degenerous a Paſſion as to ſpring only from ſervile Blood. What are thoſe Friendſhips and Careſſes, thoſe delicate Blandiſhments and ſoft Sportings?

sportings? what are those chast Graces, facetious Delights, and pleasant hours it usually affords? I'le be hang'd if Love be nothing but a sweet Servitude. What Dialogues and Embraces? what Gifts and presents? what acceptable Pledges of reciprocal Affections? and what? are all these only the mutual offices of Bondage and Slavery? certainly we rather may exclaim, O the delicious tenor of a joyful Life! O infinite Bliss and Happiness! I should be apt to think *Jove* himself Hypochondriack and Melancholy, and not sufficiently happy in his ravishing *Elisium*, if he should alwayes be contemplative, and not sometimes recreate himself and dally in the Society of Gods and Goddesses. The most affectionate breasts of the most Amorous Turtles do sometimes boil and ferment with anger, and are infested with the storms of unkind Brawls. The Chrystal Serenity of the smiling Heavens is darkned with the tears of a frowning Skie; and the brightness of the Sun is benighted with the horrour of obscuring Clouds: thus Friendship may be eclipsed, but not extinguisht, may sink into a swoon and fall away, but not quite into an Apostacie and utterly die. He is a most delicate Lover, who cannot endure the froth of raging Language, which when the estuation

tion of the blood growes calm, and abates
vanisheth with the choler that first caus'd it.
The commands of my Friend I obey, his
advice I follow, his perswasions I yield to,
his affections I prove, his jests I laugh at,
and care not a fig for his anger, and yet I
do nothing whereby I may be thought to
serve him, but rather to love him; nothing
by the Fatal necessity and constraint of bon-
dage, but by Friendly Counsel, and the swee-
test Sympathy of most obliging Lovers. I
fear not the frowns of the angry Heaven,
not a deluge of waters, nor Hurrican's of
winds, no nor death it self, if Friendship re-
quire it: for to love is so far from being ba-
and servile, that it is a thing most excellent,
generous and noble. It is but a small mat-
ter to breath out ones Soul (that indivisible
Particle of Divinity and little gasp of vital
Air) and to shed a few ounces of Blood in the
behalf of a mans Friend: in the mean time
let the Envious wretch be rackt and tortur'd,
till he sob from his Skeleton his blew Ghost,
scarce worthy of these shades to which 'tis
damn'd; I say, let him smart with anguish,
to whom to love, is not so much a slavery as
a torment, pain and misery! let proud Mor-
tals swell with loftiness, let them huff and
be supercilious, who trample on all that are
beneath

beneath their Orb, and with whom to love is mean and ſordid! let the moroſe Anchoret be eternally damn'd to the ſolitude of his Cell, to whom Friendſhip is not ſervile but ſuperfluous, and who thinks to love is the only property of wanton women.

DECLAM. V.

Whether we may gueſs at a Mans Manners by his garb and habit?

FArwell all joys! and whatſoever pleaſures the Soul found in ſecrets, be gon and vaniſh! for our privacies now are proſtitute and common, and thoſe things which were only manifeſt to Mathematicians and Aſtrologers, are now publiſht to every one by informing geſtures, and the Rabble may be now of our Privy Counſel. Every limb is become vocal, and not only falſe conſtruction and incongruity of words, but a Soleciſm in our clothes is to be feared too. O vain and fooliſh dread! doth Nature ſo deſpiſe her work, as that when ſhe gave men Malice, ſhe would not

not give them a secret too? and seeing she hath made our Errors natural, and impos'd upon us a necessity of offending, what? doth she so much imitate *Juno's* Tyranny, as to commit us to the rout, more glaz'd with eyes than centocular *Argus*? Certainly she consults better the good of Mankind, and hath not so far gratifi'd *Momus* in his design, as that whatsoever is transacted in the inmost recesses and retirements of the Soul, should be publickly legible on the frontispeice of the Face. I appeal to the delicate and soft *Alcibiades's* of this age, whose smoother brow, and unruffled aspect, the learned civility of whose clothes and garments, have always pleaded for the tumults of the mind, and for the unruly crowd of their impetuous affections. I should ascribe his faults to the necessity of Fate, who discovers them to the world by his gate and meen. Let every man choose what gestures he please to be his Advocate; and there is scarce any one so wretchedly guilty, as to want the defence, and Apology of his Body. The Elegance of *Greece* hath commended the rudest Barbarisms of monstrous *Africa*; and seeing various humors are oftentimes couch'd, and lie hid under the same shape and visage, the Judgment of Spectators must needs be uncertain, and the Station of Spies be treacherous

treacherous and deceitful. How have the Fires of Love rag'd and prey'd on mens breasts within, and yet that burning *Ætna* hath made no change or breach on the face without; so that *Cupids* flames (like subtle lightning) have dissolved the mettle and hath left the Scabbard whole and inviolable! how often hath the wantonness of *Venus* been sporting in the veins, when the Severity of *Mars* hath sate on the brow, whose objurgatory looks have been so tetrical, as that they personate *Cato*, though *Maudlin* drunk. Those excellent Creatures, which (like so many Pictures) Nature hath drawn for the diversion of Man, that ugly Viper hath animated them to their ruine, and those charms, that flatter into expectation of a delicate *Hellen*, cheats with the enjoyment of a lewd *Lucretia*.

Who would expect such rare jewels from *Æsop* or a Gold-finder? or who looks for Majesty from *Vespasian*? they vizard themselves in countenances unlike themselves, so that you discover, or read nothing in the face but what is vulgar; for their Souls not regarding the Nobility of their Extraction, dwell in counterfeit Mansions below their Dignity, as *Galba's* Ingenuity had but a bad lodging. The Soul doth so withdraw it self from the sight of men, and enjoys the secrecy of so pri-

vate a retirement, as that no wit can torture it into the confession of its Nature, which is a mistery, and a riddle that lies hid from all Men. What therefore? is it condemned to solitude! should it never lay open, and display it self; there have been gestures, and postures of Body, whereby the mind was wont (as it were) to speak and to shew it self, and to shine (as it were) with certain raies, and to render it self conspicuous to the eyes of others: But (O sad!) they were all so counterfeit and feigned, that after the disguises of such fictitious looks, and so many vizors of lying aspects, who but a *Priamus*, or a man prodigal of his Faith can believe any more? one acts a Mimick, another a Player. All men imitate and personate all things; and those gestures which were only promoted by Natures dictates, are now inculcated, and taught by the rules of Art. We have prov'd our selves the genuine off-spring of our true Father, and are capable of a Metamorphosis; so that if an *Alcmena* be to be won, we are presently *Amphitruo'd*, who cannot imitate a Philosopher in the words of *Hercules*? who cannot make his breast as immoveable as a Rock? and his Soul as Stoical as any Picture? What *Socratick*, Catamite, and filthy Miscreant cannot blush at the name of fulsome Vice;

Vice? and cannot devoutly defend the cause of distressed and exil'd Vertue, so as to be thought a cherisher and patron of Goodness; and not only the charmes and beauty of lovely Vertue, and the calmer smoothness of gentle Manners, but (like turning Scenes) can represent the deformities of ugly Vice, and the rougher turbulencies of unruly Affections; can at their pleasure be transported with Love or Anger, Joy or Hatred, and whatsoever Passions are created by Nature, the same they can personate and feign by Flattery. How often do we meet with humble Servants, and yet the number of our Family is not yet increas'd? how do they invade us with insinuations of supple cringes, with elaborate Phrase, and with the protestations of almost a swearing countenance, so that nothing less can be expected than a transfusion of themselves into our very bosoms, and a close mixture and marriage of our Souls. Behold the Parasite! how he struts abroad! who being well furnish't with his garbs, exposes to sale his various postures, and with some importunity demands what is't you'd have? If his Friend weep, he sheds a tear; if he says he is hot, he presently sweats; he mingles his smiles with his laughter, and trembles and shakes with his fears. Not the twins of *Hippocrates* are more alike. They are alwayes mov'd

by the ſame Paſſions, and (like certain jewels) oftentimes languiſh with each others diſeaſe. They are ſick and well in the juncture. He is very obſequious to every nod, and reflects (like a looking glaſs) and repreſents to thee the image of thine own ſelf. Thus his tears ſtand Centinel, and his geſtures (if commanded) are ready upon the guard to make a Sally. Perhaps in minority, when the Soul liv'd under a Democracie of Paſſions, nor had ſworn allegiance to the Government of Reaſon, then reſtleſs commotions and an inundation of Licentiouſneſs overflow'd all things; But now Reaſon is in the throne, and hath obtained the Empire, ſuch Liberty and Exorbitance will ſoon vaniſh; the Affections are ſubdued, and Nature her ſelf is almoſt become a trophie; both looks and geſtures are charm'd to a complyance with all occaſions; neither can we ſooner be transform'd by *Circe*, than by Reaſon. Whatſoever whirlwinds do bluſter in the Soul, whatſoever ſtorms do roar, yet the mouth breaths a *Zephyrus* and ſofter gales, and if reaſon require it, an enrag'd Soul will not ſo much even as threaten a damage. I appeal to thoſe unhappy wretches, whom the pleaſant cruelty of their Prince (like the dangerous calm of a flattering Sea) as often as it would involve the miſerable in deſtruction, compels

compels the unhappy to feign themſelves bleſſed, and to hide the clowdineſs of their Souls and their ſorrows within, with ſerenity of their aſpects and joy without. Thus ſick and ſad, as if they had eaten *Sardoan* roots, they laugh on the confines and threſhold of death; and ſo every man defends himſelf by the conſpiracie of his countenance, and at *Rome* they owe to their faces their life and ſafety.

'Tis happily contriv'd by Nature, that the whole bulk of our affections can be ſuppreſt by reaſon, that we can check them when we pleaſe, and ſometimes (as we liſt) may looſen their reins; and may reſtrain ſome within the limits of our breaſt, and diſcover thoſe on our foreheads, which the occaſion ſhall require. If we ſhould commit our ſelves wholly to their guidance, and altogether be obedient to their commands, into what Precipices would they hurl us: they would certainly betray us into all dangers, and whilſt they furiouſly rage like ſo many *Æoli* (thoſe Subjects of the air) they would utterly take from us the Sea and the Earth, nay and Heaven too. But the delicate Matrons of this age have prudently been aware of this Evil, who call a Committee about the accurate diſpoſing of each ſingle hair, and diſpence not a nod without Counſel, they ſuffer not the petulancy of a

rowling eye, unleſs made authentick and warranted by a publick Edict; nor do they budge a foot without meaſeure; they counterfeit Nature, and are ſo beſmear'd and plaiſtered with Ointment and Pomatum, that the face ſeeks for it ſelf and cannot find it. Let them be guilty of what fault they will, I am ſure they grow not pale at any crime; but are fortifi'd (as it were) with a brazen wall, and remain imperious even to the eyes of *Linx*.

Neither is the paſſage more eaſie into a Courtiers breaſt, who doth ſo wholly devote himſelf to the humor of the times, as that he almoſt forgets his proper Genius: 'tis not Nature and Inclination but Cuſtome that ſuggeſts his apparel and geſture; both *Tyrium* and *Trojan* are clad alike without any diſtinction, and when they walk they move ſo with the ſame Soul, that you would think them puppets. But there is a vain ſort of men of a ſevere brow, who condemn theſe perſons of Folly, and brand the whole Court with the ſame Infamy; and indeed juſtly, if we liv'd in *Plato's* Common-wealth, or under *Utopian* Government; But we muſt conſult the age, and our preſent cuſtomes. No man ſafely ſtrives againſt the ſtream, and he doth too haughtily deſpiſe the preſent times, who ſcru-

ples

ples with a bluſh, and is aſhamed to be mad. He may depart the world, whoſe Vertues would keep him from its Cuſtoms and Faſhions.

Who will hereafter declare his gueſs? who will ſuffer his Judgment to be deceiv'd again? now diſſimulation triumphs, and hath conquered and poſſeſſeth the whole world. Now every one counterfeits what geſture he pleaſes, every one wears what habit he will, and there are many ignorant Souls in a learned habit, and many (as I may ſay) ungownd minds in that long robe. Who will not therefore alwayes confeſs his ignorance? who will not bluſh to own that he knows any thing? by a certain Law we know not theſe things, and ſeeing we are forbidden by Nature to underſtand, 'tis not ſo much our crime to be ignorant as 'tis our duty; neither is it ſo much obedience, as neceſſity.

DECLAM. VI.

Whether Aristotle *did well in censuring that saying of* Bias *the Philosopher* [*Love as if you was about to Hate*] No.

IF the Friendship of the Peripateticks was as safe and secure, as 'tis pleasant and delightful, I am perswaded 'twould be as much in publick like other Vertues, as 'tis now private and solitary; for what Felicity doth it create to humane Souls? behold! the same desires and humors do lodg only in different breasts! an accessory Conscioufness to every secret, and dialogues interwoven with mingled Souls, do ravish and delight with such bewitching transports, as that not only the weak and silly, but even men prudent and severe are captivated by its charm.

But there are so many coverts and retirements in humane breasts, and 'tis so unsafe a thing to confide in any man, that I know not whether the Friendship of *Aristotle*, consisting of the innocent simplicity of a mutual Passion,

Passion, and of an universal exchange of all Affections, I say I know not whether 'tis rather an Infirmity, than a Vertue, and not so much our comfort as our ruine; for we that live in *Tiberius's* dayes must Christen dissimulation with the name of Vertue, and so to act the parts of Friendship, as not utterly to forget our Prudence. For there are some that have a subtle knack in counterfeiting Vice and feigning Vertue, that have a disposition changeable into every Affection, and smoothly sliding into the Souls of men, endeavour to pry out and find their guilt; and in this they abuse the name of Friendship, that they are alwaies fear'd, but never lov'd.

There are others, who are never more to be dreaded, than when they laugh, who never lay aside the disguise of Severity, but when 'tis expedient; whose clowdy browes never clear up into a serenity of smiles, unless they can gain by such calm Sunshine; wherefore least our Innocency should be trap'd in such snares, it may be very convenient to think of a storm in the midst of a calm, and to embrace the advice of the sage Philosopher, who bids us [Love so as if we were about to Hate] men slowly complain of those things, which have befaln them through their own default, and Folly is attended with this evil, it alwayes upbraids;

upbraids; therefore least Temerity with its [I had not thought] should rather be a Torment, than an Enjoiment, and more grieve than comfort us; I fancy it the wisest, and the safest piece of Dotage so to temper our Love, as to savour more of Judgement, than Affection, and so to deal and canton our persons to others, as to reserve a portion for our own selves, whether we consider men themselves, or the danger of the thing it self. 'Tis scarce so pleasant to find a Friend, as 'tis miserable to be deceiv'd in him. If we contemplate the several ages of men, we shall find that Minority and Rawness excludes Children from the Solemnity of so sacred a league, and not so much Peevishness and Morosity, as Covetousness debars and keeps off the Aged; they mind nothing but wealth, they negotiate in Friendship and gain by their traffick, and love not any man, but when it costs them nothing. I would willingly admit men into the most inward retirements and recesses of Friendship, if they would either love more or be less wise; for as Affection abates as the Judgment increases, thus youthful heats cool at maturity; and though the fervor and violence of their Passions suffer young men to enter into the embraces of Friendship, yet heady Rashness and an unweary dispensation of their

Affections,

affections, will drive them from those sacred
es, and things acted with heat and violence
not so firm and stable, as those, that are
ne with deliberation of a mature Judgement:
uvenile Affections have shorter periods, whose
petuous boilings will easily ferment them-
ves into a sudden calm; they are for the
ost part charm'd with the likeness of Plea-
ures, and are rather jocund among themselves
an passionate, as *Geminus* and *Sejanus* were
utual Friends in Luxury and Softness.

Thus are mens ages besieg'd on all sides
ith these difficulties, and if we shall further
nsider the manners of men, which they have
um'd to themselves, we shall easily perceive
ere is a great necessity of believing our selves,
id of not confiding in any body else.

The first sort of men that occurr are those,
ho as oft as we meet with them, rise up up-
n their legs, and by the pleasantness of their
estures are dissolved and melted almost into
isses and embraces; they are ready to skip
t of themselves, neither complain they of
injuries received from those they love. No-
hing fitter for Society, than these men, if
we were born for nothing, but to sleep and
evel. They have somewhat of a jovial Gaie-
y, an allowable Innocence in him, who is
ermitted either to play the fool, or mad-

man;

man; for he must be either the one or the other, who doth so lavishly congratulate, and is so profuse in his fawnings.

But there are others in the second place, who have more sober Affections, and have a kindness for all, proportioning themselves to every one by weight and measure: their discourse is obliging, and their deportment insinuating, neither their aspect Satyrical, nor language severe; they speak Panegyricks, and dare not discharge a jest even against the most enormous crime. Nothing fitter for civilities than such Natures, they are obsequious to every man, and being averse to quarrelling are Enemies to no one; they never sport or toy with their Wits, but are so solicitous and careful about their Gall, that they are altogether void of, and are without Salt—But give me a Friend with whom I may display the Urbanities of a jocund humor, and beguile the tediousness of the hours with the pinquunt facetiousness of smart Jests: but however in regard they are harmless, such dispositions may please whether amongst Friends or Enemies; but because they study to deserve and caresse so coldly; as that they neither love nor are beloved, and as they have most delicate ears, so the unhappy event of one cruel joke, will scare them out of Company.

There

There is a third ſort of people, who voluntarily exclude themſelves from the precincts of Friendſhip, whilſt they only ſpeak for fear of others, and if they accoſt any one, ſeem rather to commit theft, than to weave a Dialogue: they diſcourſe ſoftly Hiſtory and Annals, and whiſper Edicts and Acts of Parliament, and (like *Cinna* in the *Epigram*) they commend the Prince in your ear, they praiſe the invention of letters, and the acrimonious moiſture of tart Citron, and (if poſſible) without voice, or Books, would rather chew what they would have, than ſpeak it: and theſe are ſo ſuſpicious, that they are ſcarce ſecure even from themſelves; becauſe truth loves to be ſeen and ſeeks no corners, I am apt to believe therefore that there is no ſound Affection in ſuch private tempers; they are filly waſps of mankind, who from every Company ſuck poyſon.

There are oppoſite to theſe other Perſons, who are as free and open, as they were private and reſerv'd men of a chryſtal and tranſparent breaſt, who have cribrous ſides, and are full of chinks, from whom whatſoever is put in, either through the eaſineſs of Nature, or ſoftneſs of Humor, doth leak out. Who or what theſe perſons are, not *Apollo* himſelf, with his whole quire of Muſes can declare unto

unto us; they have an *Extempore* way of living, neither do they perform those things they thought on, but those, which they have popt on; and act not so much by consideration as chance, and if they offend, 'tis rather out of weakness than choice, out of infirmity rather than Judgment: and (like *Fabius* in *Livy*) are rather inconstant in good than diligent in evil. And as they are wild and talkative, so they often discover some grains of salt, some Specimens of Ingenuity, which are rather the Products of the Madness of their Brain, than of the Acuteness and Easiness of their Wits. Somewhat of kin to these are those, who are inspired with Eloquence only at Feasts and taverns, who never cleer up into laughter, but when they sup abroad. These seem to be born on purpose for *Saturnalia*? they spend their time in much Festivity, but withall they live in jolly Gluttony. No man begins a story more happily, or commends the treatment more lavishly. What news? he receives at the gates original Rumors, neither need any one tell him the portents of a Comet, or in what breast the *Spaniard* will sheath his sword: But if these persons are driven out of the road of their common discourse, then their fluency engendered at other mens trenchers forsakes and leaves them,

and

and then they begin to be tedious, who only maintain their tongues in obedience to their bellies; and now amidst such infinite variety of Humors and Tempers, who dare unbutton his Breast, and unbosome his Soul, and lay himself naked to the conscience of every man? who would not be censur'd and accus'd for Temerity, whom the Perfidiousness of others should thus unwarily overwhelm? though fortunate and happy Love hath blessed thee with a Friend free from these Evils so common to Mortals, one in thy Opinion fit for the misteries and secrecies of private Counsels, yet thou knowst not what a day may bring forth: there are vicissitudes in Love, Truces and Enmities, Wars and Peace, and though the wounds of offended Majesty may be sometimes healed; yet they so close as to leave a scar behind them, a monument of the Injury; so that there may still remain a jarring Harmony, and grudges more dangerous, than open Animosities. A fracture in a joint will hardly be set, and abreach in an Union so close and intimate will be scarcely soder'd. Fraternal hatred is becom a Proverb, and 'tis a Maxime, that most implacable Emnities are betwixt those of a blood.

Thus you see tis not safe to be too much a companion, but sometimes destructive; for who is

is there that understands men, and who is a sagacious diver into humane Souls? I say amidst the insinuating caresses and blandishments of Lovers, as exchang'd hands, mutual Embraces, and reciprocal Sighs, Protestations and Oaths, who dare, I say, rather promise or assure himself of Fidelity, than deceit and snares? certainly more innocent and harmless Souls have been often circumvented by specious pretences and appearances of Affection, and such impostures are so much the more rife, by how much the more securely they can cheat and cozen. Who would have thought any Treachery lurk't under that vizard of Friendship between *Firmius Catus* and his dear *Libo*, who was his Associate in Luxury, Debt and Lust too? who would have suspected Falshood in the Familiarity between *Latiaris* and *Sabinus*? Love and Affection the most simple things in the world are both ensnar'd, and *Libo* and *Sejanus* are destroyed by those from whom they expected the greatest Safety. Wicked *Latiares* occur every where, who after the greatest Profession of the sincerest Love do entrap Mortals in their unwary discourses; they are the worst kind of Enemies, for whom we cannot be prepared in War, and against whom we cannot be secure in Peace; *vomica & carcinomata humani generis*,

generis born only for the publick evil, worthy to ſail in *Trajans* boat, being Piacular victims of inteſtine Wars, Slaughters, Deſolations, and ſeeing they are hated as much by them, whom they profit, as by thoſe whom they accuſe, let them ſuffer puniſhment with the ſame pain, they procure it. Men can never be cautious enough at all times; and I fear a man can never be ſuſpicious enough about their Examples, from whoſe end there can never be faithful ſecurity.

DECLAM. VII.

Whether the decay and Periods of Empires are to be aſcrib'd to Fate?

WHat? when Fortune ſuſpends the guidance of the world, does it then begin to ſhake and totter? Is the Univerſe Govern'd by the Fortuitous turnings and temerarious courſes of blind chance? 'tis unſeaſonable impiety that diſturbs and tortures *Epicurus* his Ghoſt; we follow not the con-

duct of the Heavens, neither do we lead our lives according to the Government of the Stars. All things are eſtabliſh't in certain Periods, and we are all rul'd by the preordain'd Counſels of impendent Fates. Behold! the Funerals and remaining Aſhes of the chiefeſt Monarchies! a purple'd Emperor crowded into the narrowneſs of a little Urn! ſee! the poſthumor rubbiſh of mouldred Cities, and the noiſome carcaſes of numerous Armies! one hour will ſacrifice a thouſand *Myriads* to the ſhades below. See! this is the ratified decree of the ſtubborn Deſtinies.

He that in the volumes of the Heavens hath read the Nativities of Kingdoms, and hath conſulted the Stars, midwifeing it at the Birth of an Infant Empire, I ſay, ſuch a man may by a certain Augury foretel the Fatal Period of a dying Nation as well as if he had ſtudied the diſmal Annals of the cruel Fates, or as if the Gods had inform'd him by the Embaſſy of their Agent, I mean their Mercury. When a Comet flames with its direful beams, and when the Deities have ſet up their funeral Torches, who ſuſpects not the death of a King at hand? ſurely they kindle thoſe blazing Lamps to diſcover the untrodden way of Princes to Bliſs, or rather they are Feſtival Lights, Solemn Bon-fires, made by the Gods

to

to congratulate their Inſtalment into their pleaſant Paradice.

There is nothing in the world more auguſt than Majeſty; 'tis a perſonated Deity, and is inſcrib'd with Divinity. How ſacred is that head that ſupports a Crown! how holy that Perſon that's attir'd with reverend and modeſt Purple? yet thoſe that celebrate magnificent Nativities, and more ſolemn Obſequies, tell us, that even *Cæſars* themſelves are born and die as we do; Nature hath made them of nobler mould, but yet one ſpark of a Feaver, one dram of Poiſon will ſoon diſpatch them from the Elements, and ſend them on an Errand into another world. How ſlippery is the top of fickle Fortune! how ſteep and declining is Honours Precipice? how whirling and unſteady are the Pinnacles and Battlements of Potent Empires! The haughty Sun that now culminates in the *Zenith* with his whole Orb of Light, after a few minutes declines towards his weſtern Grave; and the Lamps of Heaven are all kindled to inflame the magnificence of his Funeral; and thus the conſtitutions of Empires are brittle and uncertain. An ambitious cloud through the propitious ſerenity of a ſmiling day, aſpires aloft, and climbs the air, which being diſquieted and toſt by

the ruder winds, melts into tears, and weeps it ſelf down into the lower Region; and ſuch is the downfal of the greateſt Dignity.

Fancy *Alexander* the Lord of the Earth, and the univerſal Monarch of all Nature; I ſay, Fancy him on a Throne begirt with a ring of numerous Guards; Fancy the whole race of mankind to be liſted into one *Macedonian* Army! and then I pray, what ruſtick Deity can be ſo uncivil as to dethrone the King, to uncrown his brow without incurring the guilt of horrid Treaſon? yet after all this Pomp, after a few years he yields to Fate, at the diſſolution of whoſe Empire, are born many petty Principalities, as the Stars do appear and riſe at the Suns Funeral. Why ſhould I mention the Tragical Cataſtrophe's of expiring Kingdoms. The whole Univerſe haſtens and inclines to the Weſt, and we, whom Nature hath reſerv'd to the laſt twilight of the ſetting world, I ſay, we muſt undergo the extream viciſſitudes of all things, when the Univerſal contexture ſhall be all unravell'd, and the ſeries of time ſhall have run to its laſt ſand. I wonder at the quietneſs of Students in ſo great a whirlwind and hurry of Buſineſs, who deſpiſe the Vanities and Trifles of Wealth and Honours, and enquire not ſo much as what the world is doing without their Studies.

DECLAM.

DECLAM. VIII.

Unity doth preſerve a City.

SO Divine are the advantages, ſo charming the Beauties, and ſo prevalent the Power and Force of Unity, that 'tis the very Life and Soul, the very Flame and Spirit that actuates, that gives briskneſs to every thing. If all Striſe was condemn'd to the ſhades below, and this kinder Deity would converſe with men here in this light above, I know not what golden ages, what pleaſant *Eliſium's* 'twould procure to Mortals, nay (to ſpeak more boldly) an Eternal world, but as the Philoſopher tells us, if the Sun ſhould be buried in an Eclipſe, and be exiled from his Orb, the day would be extinguiſh't, and die into darkneſs, and the obſcure Globe of the widdowed Moon would flie and vaniſh into winds and ſhowers: and thus, if concord ſhould be baniſh't from this Sublunary Scene, and Friendſhip oſtraciſm'd out of this inferiour world, and the golden chain of Unity ſhould be unlink't and broken; how ſoon would this beauteous contexture be all unravelled

into its firſt Chaos, the unpropt Heavens would want an *Atlas*; Kingdoms would moulder into duſt and rubbiſh; and Princes vaniſh into air and ſhades; there would be either no Empires at all, or very vain ones like heads in Pictures without brains. In vain would the Heavens flatter themſelves with the hopes of a long duration of inviolable Stars and uncorrupted ages, if they did not harmoniouſly accord within themſelves, and all diſcord being divorc'd of the wrangling Qualities, if by a happy marriage they were not united to their matter and among themſelves too.

The daily diſſolution we ſee in things, and their continual haſtning to their laſt period, proceeds meerly from Striſes and Conteſts. The Elements do mutually engage at cuffs, and as it were ſtudiouſly bent on each others ruine, do box it ſtoutly till death do part them. Neither can we mortals boaſt a greater Safety, who through Wars and Contentions do ruſh upon our Fate with winged ſpeed. Death would every where be eſteem'd but a Fable and Phantaſm, a very vain and trivial Deity, if men would accord within themſelves, and enter into a ſtrict League of mutual Charity. For no life ſo happy or (as if emulous of Heaven) comes nearer the Nature

ture of the Gods above, than where there is a recipocal Harmony of wills and deſires, and (if poſſible) a mixture of Souls. The moſt impregnable Bulworks, nay the Sinews of a Nation, even money it ſelf, cann't ſo fortifie a City, as the mutual Kindneſs, and Love of Citizens. No engins whatſoever, nay the tutelar Deities themſelves can't be Taliſmans ſufficient for the defence of that place, which is not bleſſed with the ſacred Genius of Unanimity. For how doth it lie open even to an unarmed man, when fermenting and boiling with inteſtine feuds it contends againſt it ſelf, and is its own Enemy! to how great dangers both of Rocks and Waves is that veſſel expoſed, which amidſt buſtling ſtorms and the gaping Ocean (as it were for the paſtime of the winds) is diſtracted with the contrary violence of divers pilots! and certainly to no leſs hazards is obnoxious that City, whoſe Inhabitants diſagreeing among themſelves, and being of various tempers, do exchange their Peace and Quiet for bloody brawls and inhumane Slaughters. That, either ſhelves and quick ſands, this, either its ſelf, or its Enemies will overwhelm with ruine. As a diſmal inſtance of this ſad Event, I appeal to that fortified City of *Regium*, ſo belieg'd on all ſides with ſtrength and Bulworks, that it ſtood

impregnable againſt all invaſion, and baſled the aſſaults even of the God of war: But when once it began to groan under inteſtine Animoſities, with what winged ſpeed did it flie to ruine, and how ſoon did it drop into duſt and rubbiſh? how many Ghoſts did the civil Wars diſmiſs to the ſhades below! how did they tire the Deſtinies with repeated Funerals! and weary the boat of reſtleſs *Charon*? and at laſt, with what Facility did the beſieg'd, their ſtrength being moſt decay'd by a long League, I ſay, how ſoon did they raze the City, and drew about it their hoſtile plow? and therefore (*O Rome!*) not an Army of mountains can promiſe thee unſhaken wals, or a ſafe Capitol, ſo long as thou frameſt to thy ſelf *Trojan* horſes, whilſt Private *Catilines* with fire and ſword invade the Senate.

There is no ſpeedier way to Spoils and Trophies, than when (Swords and Souls as it were conſpiring) all men level at the ſame end. Nothing ſooner blocks up the paſſage of an invading Enemy, than twiſted Counſels and breaſts united in one common Harmony. Not numerous *Xerxes*, a General more formidable than any *Encelladus*, at whoſe ſight the very Sun abſconded and Nature totter'd, whoſe Army ſip't up the Ocean, and whoſe Arrows Heaven; I ſay, this terrible Warriour could

could not one jot prevail, either with fire or ſword, againſt united *Greece*; for that all commanding Diety, Love, ſoon ſcatter'd his Forces better than the ſtrength of any Engine. What unprofitable darts did that grim aſpect of war ſhoot and level? how was the ſword brandiſh't in vain? neither could any Arm, or the God of war himſelf do any thing.

Let us reflect on our age, and take a ſurvey of this Kingdom! what ſerene dayes have we enjoyed here! how, to the envy of ages and nations, without camp or ſword, hath our *Britain* flouriſh't! and I hope will for ever enjoy an undiſturbed peace! we congratulate our Unity, Peace, Laws, Judges, Flamines, Temples, Cities, Academies, and whatſoever is ſacred or auguſt in this our *England*. What Elegancies are legible and inſcrib'd on the fabrick of the body? what charms are conſpicuous in each part, and what Divinities are ſcattered in every member! how in vain doth the Dotage of the year diſcover its horyneſs in Ice and Froſts, and with what fruitleſs flames do the Stars burn; ſeeing it can eſtabliſh to it ſelf an amicable concord, and harmonious temper; whereas let but the diſagreeing Principles of things contend and ſquobble, and how ſwiftly do they haſten to their ruine?

Thus Cities grow, and great wealth is preſerved

ſerved, and a little increaſed by Concord; but Diſcord diminiſheth the moſt pompous riches, and utterly razeth the moſt opulent Towns. Thoſe things are moſt durable, which are moſt one and united; and all things covet an Eternity, and are ambitious of Immortality. Thus ſtones ſtick moſt cloſely in their ſeveral Parts; water crowds into a globe leaſt it ſhould periſh by diviſion; if any thick body be laid upon it, it is advanced upward, and (I know not by what inſtinct) preſerves it in an abiding ſtate, in regard the parts will not be ſeparated from their parts; for all ſeparation is fatal to things that are alike. Particles of water falling on the pavement of a ſmooth table, appear and ſhew themſelves tumid and globular, neither will be demoliſh't into flatneſs by the ſhaken board. But if other portions of the Element be added to them, then one drop hath a mind to, and deſires another, and then they are as it were immediately married and mutually incorporated, aſſiſting each other againſt the hoſtilities of the air, and the violence of the ſurface on which they fell, leaſt they ſhould be deſtroied by them. All which do as it were with a vocal ſtilneſs whiſper and ſuggeſt and as ſo many mute Doctors do proclaim by their ſilence, what a guard inviolable Concord and

Unity

Unity uninterrupted by Strifes and emulous of Eternity hath indulged to Nature.

But now, if Nations owe their Cities, (thoſe Souls of Kingdoms) and Scepters to Love and Amity, and are more ſafely begirt with a guard of hearts, than of ſwords or bands, or if theſe ſublunary things in the abſence of this Deity, ſhould be preſently inrolv'd in a ſudden deſtruction, neither Nature her ſelf, nor the World, no, nor the Deities themſelves could prorogue their Eternity: If this is the happyeſt boon and the ſafeſt benefit that Nature ever beſtowed on mankind, I wiſh all things lucky and proſperous to all men; and tis the ſum of my deſires that this our *Parnaſſus* may eternally flouriſh with the beauteous harmony of Counſels, Arts and Souls; and above all names, thrice holy be to us that innocent and propitious Genius of Unity and Concord; but as for Strife and Diſcord, let them for ever be condemn'd to the lower Regions, and be a vexation to the Furies amongſt which they were bred! let Envy be baniſht to the infernal ſhades whoſe poyſonous Nature blaſts by infection its neighbours Fame, leaſt it ſhould ſurvive and increaſe its leaneſs — Be gone all ye clamorous detractors with your virulent tongues, who are arm'd with the points and ſtings of Satyrs,

Satyrs, or pointed with the ſtings of Satyrs, whoſe weapons are tinctur'd with the blood of Vipers; who never think themſelves more content and quiet, than when they wrangle and brawl with the greateſt diſquietude! let fraternal Animoſities die and vaniſh! let it be no longer proverbial that moſt implacable Enmity ariſes from blood! let us not, as if born ſo many *Catilines* againſt our *Rome* promote domeſtick ſewds, or civil diſcord, but let all our Studies, Muſes, Souls and deſires conſpire in this one thing, that theſe our manſions may ever enjoy the bleſſing of peace to the increaſe of Piety, Concord, Vertue and Unity.

DECLAM.

DECLAM. IX.

Whether the Senſes can err, or be deceived, when converſant about their proper objects? Affirm'd.

HOw is humane Underſtanding inwrapt in darkneſs? how is that Diviner fragment of a Rational Soul benighted as it were in the miſts of Error! that off-ſpring of *Jove* that conſtitutes men, nay Dignifies them with the Eſſence almoſt of Gods, I ſay, how is it invelop'd in clouds of Ignorance! the too frequent infirmities and failures of craz'd and diſtempr'd heads, and that variety of danger to which every year, age, and lives of all men are caſually expoſed, are too ample demonſtrations of this truth.

A diſcription of an Epicure.

Behold! here's one born for the Luxury of a banquet! ſee! another *Sardanapalus*, whoſe very Nature is calulated for a feſtival entertainment. He Deifies a Kitchin, and adores the ingenuity of a pallatable diſh, and is proſtrate to a table groaning under the varieties of *Ambroſian*

broſian delicacies. He looks upon that to be the flower of being, and as it were the Life and Soul of Life, which lies melted and diſſolved in the midſt of Junkets even to the nauſeating of the plenty of loath'd dainties. He never thinks he fares deliciouſly unleſs his riot doth invert the ſeaſon, and he crown his goblet with winter Roſes; unleſs *Falernian* diſſolve the Summer Snow in his cup of Pearl, and a ſtrange Fowl of an unknown ſky, or an exotick Fiſh of a forreign ſhore are the conſtant meſſes of his curious meals. He increaſes the thirſty Avarice of his ſilver dropſie with golden naps, being laborious even beyond *Cleanthes* for ſelf and money. He fancies to himſelf I know not what kind of Chimecal happineſs to ariſe even from his very pockets, and had rather be a *Cræſus* or a *Midas*, than a *Saturn* or a *Jove* in their reſpective Heavens.

He loves to be ſeen in a crowd or throng, and then thinks he moſt happily ſets up his plumes, when his ſweaty fingers are hoop'd with a Summer ring.

When born on ſix mens ſhoulders (on both ſides
The curtains tuck't up, windows open) rides
Lolling Mecænas *like* ——

Every

Every wiſh aims at Empire, and he is highly ſmitten with and dotes on Monarchy. Whilſt his Soul is involv'd in clouds of Error, it is a very ill Judge of things, wherefore he, ambitiouſly breathing after that Fortune, which the higher it is, it is the more unſtable, and through the anger of the Fates ſinks and falls with a greater ruine.

So purblind are the minds and underſtandings of men, that it oftentimes embraces falſities for truths, and (whilſt we too ſilly do follow its guidance and conduct) it doth varniſh, and adulterate evil into good; wherewith we are not only unwarily deceived, but ſometimes enſnared into our own ruine; and can by no means promiſe the raies of the Moon and Stars to be kept inviolable, if a bolder cloud and impudent darkneſs ſhould invade the Sun; neither can it be hop'd that thoſe ſtreams ſhould be clear and chryſtall, which derive a filthineſs from the very Fountain.

The Will ſeems to be darkned by the borrowed errours of the Underſtanding; if therefore theſe endowments of Immortality, theſe almoſt Godlike Powers of the Soul, the Mind and Will, have their failures, falſe Images and repreſentations of things, we ſhould much offend in aſcribing ſo great a certainty to outward ſenſes, which we have in common

common with brutes. Theſe guards or centinels are ſo far from being acute and dextrous, that their deceptions equal them, and they are guilty of as many Errors as they have Objects. Thus the Stars to the bleerey'd are as ſo many Giants, and the Moon ſeems leſs than every wheel. I ſhall not inſiſt on phantaſtick Meteors, which having no exiſtence, are only ſplendid and gawdy apparitions; thus ſweets are bitter to the Feaveriſh Palat. Here is one tickled with the harmony of the Spheres, and there is one offended with the fragrancy of a Roſe. The Errors of the Senſes are ſo frequent and familiar, that it is not worth while to inſiſt any longer upon them.

DECLAM.

DECLAM. X.

Whether Monarchy be the beſt Form of Government.

SIlence! what confuſed Noiſe and Tumult is this? How great a concourſe of clamorous People! Can we tell what they ſay, or wherefore they are come together? They cannot tell themſelves. Liberty, Liberty they cry, and they ſay, they are come to chuſe their Governours. Let them ſet their hearts at reſt, and calmly depart; their Governour is not now to be choſen, ſince God and Nature, and Law Natural are before hand with them, who have unanimouſly appointed them a Government under one Soveraign Governor, whom they call a Monarch: For who brought in other Forms, Ariſtocracy or Democracy; Let them look back into the Originals of Rule and Government, trace the Hiſtory of their Anceſtors, when the world was not ſo mad and tumultuous? Do we find Anarchy in the firſt Ages? Any Field-meetings and tumultuous Inundations of People, which, their banks being broken, furiouſly drive

on and bear all before them? Did God and Nature so ill provide for the world, that they left them at any time without Government, that men must shift for themselves and be their own Providers of so great a Blessing.

'Tis true, if Mankind had grown out of the Earth like Mushrooms, or spawn'd into the world at one instant, if they had been transform'd from Emmets to *Myrmidons*, or like Frogs and Todpoles, (the only *Aborigenes* that I know,) had been conceived by the slime of *Nile*, and from thence, peopled the world, they might then have muttered something of chusing a Governour, if a People in the State of a Natural Barbarity and savage life can attain to so much sound reason and good insight in Morals as to call for Order and Government, which I much question, since civil Education is one of the benefits of Government: as for Experience, there can be none in our case.

No, *Principio rerum*, saith the Historian, *Gentium Nationumque imperium penes Reges erat.* At the beginning the world knew none but Monarchy. *Omnes antiquæ gentes Regibus quondam paruere*, saith the Orator. Not only the East and South *Asia* and *Ægypt*, but even *Italy*, *Greece*, and the territories thereof, which in after ages admitted Democracy, or Aristocratical

cratical mixtures, such as *Argos*, *Athens*, *Sicyon*, *Lacedemon*, were at first governed by Kings, whose names are still preserved in History. For so it is, if we run back the series of the Generations of the world, as far as the clew will guide us, we shall find that Government was first founded in Families, which multiplying into Tribes, became Townships, then Cities, whence their Dominion growing considerable, discovered to their Neighbours their way of Government, which was by their Natural Prince.

Where then is the Noise? the Liberty that they so cry up, what would they have when they say they are free-born? they do not intend, sure, to do what they list; For if Monarchical Power, as all civil, yea and barbarous Nations confess, is founded in Paternal Power, then it is clear from God and Natures Law, that no man can say, he is free-born from Government, since it is his Governor, who begat him.

Hence the Divine Command, which knew how to express it self, by *honouring* our *Father* and *Mother*, secures Obedience to their Prince, being literally true in *Adam*, *Noah*, *Abraham*, *Israel*, that they were Fathers and Princes of their People.

And that the Commonalty may learn what

ſhare they had then in Election of their Governour, the firſt-born, by his Primogeniture, his unqueſtionable Right, ſucceeded.

This is the Government, which God and Nature hath appointed; All other Governments are Sophiſtical, forced devices of Politique unpolitique men, lame and imperfect and ſpurious Models, ſcarce to be called by the beauteous name of Government, but as they reſemble the feature and lineaments of Monarchy. I know the unhappy conceptions of the inconſiderable Vulgar, who (for want of Education and better Principles) look upon their ſupreme Governour, as a Nuſance to mankind, a perſon only of an exalted Fortune, living at his eaſe and ſplendor (which if they were anatomized, we ſhould find they grudge to all, but themſelves) Careleſs in the mean time of the Law, and the Commonwealth, with Power to oppreſs, not to Protect.

But this is a falſe Character, unreaſonably made up by the Envious obſervers of the failures of the perſon, who never counterpoiſe them with the unſpeakable benefits we enjoy under Him: The beholder was in the ſhade and dark ſide of the Piece: Let him ſuffer himſelf to ſtand in the true light, and he ſhall diſcern better Features.

Conſider

Consider Him, with me, as the Sacred Fountain of JUSTICE, a Word not to be writ but in Capital Letters, engraven in a Memory of Marble: Consider Him as the great Soul of the LAW, the Rule and Standard of Justice, and like the Soul, (for that also is a Monarch and hath its jurisdiction) exercising vital acts through all, even the remotest parts of his territories, in every Borough, Village, Hamlet, by his inferiour Courts and Officers, without which there is no Life in the Body, no Liberty, no Safety, no Right, nothing that is dear to us shall be enjoyed, nothing that is due to us shall be recovered; All that I am or have shall be at the mercy of another; my estate, whether left me by my Ancestors, or dear gotten by indefatigable industry, carried away without remorse; my Cattel driven off my ground, Herbage trod to dirt, Corn fields fired, my Children spirited away, Wife ravished from my armes, my own person dogg'd and waylaid by treacherous miscreants, and for a fatal conclusion of all mischiefs, barbarously murdered; my carcass in the mean while bleeding for a Coroner, only my Soul scapes away to complain of the murder.

So that without the Law, I should not live in a Tub, with the Philosopher, but in a

Mortar, where every Man may pound me; besides that even my fears would daily kill me, as in a distressed vessel in a very tempestuous Sea, men dye every minute, and their hearts sink a thousand times before the vessel is foundred.

How blessed a thing is Government, which staves off all these Injuries from us? and forbids them under such severe penalties which none but mad men will incur? How blessed a thing is Law, which brings Safety into the world, and Innocence, the Parent of Safety, under whose protection I enjoy my unconfined Liberty, my house is not my prison but my castle, the high-way is my rode, the neighbour meadows are my walks, and the whole land is my market.

These things considered, it is meer stupidity not to think of a Governor with honour, and mention him with respect, the Monarch I mean, if Kings prove to be the ancient form, to *Them* we are obliged for the establishing these Laws, and to none before them.

Where are the Republicans then, is not our Monarchy a Commonwealth? Ingratitude it self cannot deny it? The other Names of Common-wealth counterdistinct to a Kingdom, are but a cheat, a delusion of the people with

with an ambiguous word; for a Commonwealth truly ſo called, is really found in the Regal Government, as is evident by the Family, its firſt rudiment, where the Laws of the maſter of the houſe provide for the common good, even for the Servants themſelves, according to their Station. But tis true, as it happens in Families, ſo we often ſee it in Kingdoms, men are weary of their ſervices and Freedomes too, when they cannot mend themſelves.

For the eſtabliſhing of Monarchy therefore, let all Patrons of Ariſtocracie and Democracy know, there are and ought to be many Governors ſubordinate, yet Soveraignty is ſetled in one. One, I ſay, to avoid diviſion, therefore hateful becauſe it obſtructs the common good, proves the bane of Governor and People; Juſt as if you divide the Natural Body, it periſhes; yea one Limb ſevered from the whole, keeps no life after; but endangers the reſt. Not a poor worm divided can ſubſiſt, its ſevered pieces may make a ſhew of life and ſtruggle for a while, but they never unite again, an Army divided needs no other foe, it countermines and diſſipates it ſelf.

Trace we therefore the Footſteps of Divine and Humane Wiſdome, and we ſhall find by way of prevention, one Head in the

Natural Body, and one Head in the Politique, one *Paterfamilias*, one Husband, one Prince, one General, one Pilot. What is the Lion in the Forreſt but the Prince of his territories, the Maſter Bee (King or Queen we will not diſpute) but the Monarch of the hive, the Sun in the Firmament, the Governour, the leader, the *Choragus* of all the Stars. God has made Monarchy to ſhare in our eyes, in Heaven it ſelf, there is One Chieftain, and how much more ought there to be on earth, ſeeing in earth, we have many giddy Planets, who will go direct and retrograde and how they pleaſe.

May we not add, the Lord of the Univerſe is but *One*, nay, that his perfection lies in that he is but One, two chiefs are as abſurd as two infinites, certainly all Majeſty is ſeated in Unity, Divided Government makes no ſhew, there is Majeſty in the proſpect of a vaſt mountain, and none in a hundred molehils.

And what news is it to tell the world, even from that one head of the antiquity of Monarchy, that the Earthly Monarch is conſtituted by the Heavenly, ordeined to be his Deputy, a Vice-Roy to him, reigning in his ſtead? Weak People, God help us, we are not willing our duty ſhould be demonſtrated to us, we would have all obligation to be at pleaſure and in-

indifferent, but yet tis this Divine Deputation which only exalts and sets him on his true base, ennobles the Governour, not his Person or his Nature (for with the poor rusticks leave, he is a man like us) but his Relation to that Soveraign Power, far above all Principality, whose very adumbrations require our honour, subjection being due to his Institutions,

And least the Republican should plead ignorance, let us shew him how this Relation is made known, more especially in Successive, the only true Monarchy: Even by that very *Succession*, when Heaven is pleased to commend to us a Prince descended of Princes, and that by an Immemorial descent, willing to signalize a Family and perpetuate the stream of Blood Royal from age to age; Beside Personal Majesty, not *assumed*, but *inherent*, *Royal Clemency*, *Gracious* and *Peaceable* Temper, to which we must add a Testimony from Heaven, *Miraculous* gifts of *Healing* entailed upon the Blood: So is the Lions Prerogative manifested by his pace and aspect, and the presidence of the Bee by his size and wing.

So that we ought to hear no more of that infidel objection, *That the King is but One, and therefore cannot be greater than his thousands of his People*: the answer is bold to say, He

He ſtands for GOD; ſo that though he is One, he is found in the place of millions, and according to true Arithmetick, if we trie numeration aright, he is of more value then the ſubſequent numbers.

Let the King therefore be chief in Gods name, and then view his lovely train of *Nobles*, *Dukes*, *Earls*, *Viſcounts*, *Marqueſſes*, *Barons*, *Knights*, *Judges*, *Gentry*, to take no notice of the *Eccleſiaſtical* ſtate, How tranſporting is the proſpect, how beautiful and ſtately is the incloſure, a Garden deckt with flowers Imperial, diſtributed in their Beds, where by the variety of their Colours, in field Argent, Or, Gules, Verl, they delight and diſtract the eye (while we the poor commons are the humble Graſs-plots of the place) All with the *Heliotrope*, worſhiping the Soveraign, who gives life and ſpirit to us by day, and refreſhes us with his dews by night.

What of this have we in a Democracy; Go to the *Roman*; Firſt, a goodly pair of Conſuls, then two or three hundred Patricians, over them a Cenſor to take their names, yea and eſtates too; a Prætor, a Tribune two or three or more according as they can ſpeed in the ſcuffle of Elections, a Scavenger Ædile &c.

We will not anatomize the *Belgic* Eſtates, nor

not yet the *Venetian Optimacy*, we hear of the number of their *Clarissimo's*: All that we say is, they have a blot in their Escocheon, a great diminution of Honor on this very account of the plurality of Governors. Tis more honourable to be governed by One, more honorable both to Governor, and Subject also; the first, that a Monarch is more Noble then any, appears by this, that He to whom singly the whole is committed, is more Honoured than those Many to whom it is jointly entrusted, as clear, as that the Whole is greater than the Part, so that is dispatched. More honourable even for the Subject, the People governed; for thereby they get the name of a peaceable, tractable, wise and intelligent people, who, come the worst that can be imagined (and whatsoever can be imagined, will be objected by turbulent persons) had rather *suffer* ill than *act* it, rather wait upon the will of Heaven, than throw themselves into hurry and confusion, Confusion being a plague not to be found in Hell it self, not to be lookt upon without horror by all who have known or heard of its dismal acts on the late English *Pharsalia*, an infatuation greater then any other, which can befal a People, greater then *Lunacie*, *Mania*, or whatever species there are of distracted wits, in a miserable, mercilesse

ciles People. A *Clariſſimo* is an honourable perſon, perhaps, in his own precinct, but abroad, he is to ſeek. A perſon loyal to his Prince is honoured whereſoever he comes, all forreigners do welcome him to their coaſts. For the world hath no notion of that Honour, which men cut out to themſelves, pitiful *glow-worms*, who ſhine by night, *rotten ſticks* that look illuſtriouſly, but in a blind corner. So of old the ignoble *Romans* having excluded their King, degraded their Nation, (a juſt puniſhment for all ſuch hotheaded Innovators; whoſe Honour ſpreads no further then their Arms would hew their way) being therefore, no queſtion, aſſaulted by Kings and Princes, *Pyrrhus*, *Mithridates*, &c. and becauſe they could not brook the ſo proſperous increaſe of ſo contemptible a government.

For let me ask them, why, I pray, two Conſuls? *Rome* was not founded by two Conſuls, Cannot the ſame power which founded it, preſerve it? why muſt authority be broken, piece-meal, which as all other good things, are beſt, Intire: In all Fractures, ſomething muſt needs fall to the ground, ſome minute parts, at leaſt. *Two heads are better than one* in Counſel, not in Government, we plead not for a head without eyes, Counſel overthrows not Monarchy, but eſtabliſhes it, though

though by the way it is obſerved alſo, that Counſel, if too numerous, is inconvenient for reſolution, as multiplicity of Commentators obſcure the text.

To proceed, *Two heads* are unnatural, a monſtrous Government, an *Amphibæna* in Politiques; therefore monſtrous, becauſe they take it to be a Serpent with two heads, diſcharging poiſon at both orifices; nor can Two be one politique head ſo eaſily, there are difficulties in the Politic as in the Natural Union. For what if *Appius Cæcus* thinks himſelf as wiſe as *Volumnius*, &c. who ſhall moderate or reconcile? There wants a third Conſul. Or if one excel the other, then we are reduced to one Conſul, the other is a very *Bibulus*. See what a task you wiſe men of *Rome* have ſet your ſelves! you muſt find Two of the ſame age, and the ſame prudence: (ſooner ſhall the *Egyptians* find a ſucceſſor to their ſtrangely mark'd *Apis*) or elſe have One Conſul ſtill, for the Junior, in manners, muſt hearken to the Senior, compliment him ſo far, and the inferior Family give way to the Collegue of the nobleſt Extraction.

Oh! *but now they are free from Tyranny and a ſingle Perſon.* Alas! Two are but one degree removed from Tyranny, and two may agree to be Tyrants, (why not?) as well as thirty!

we

we have heard of thirty Tyrants in Greek ſtory. What remedy have you? *Oh for that trick they ſhall be elected annually, they ſhall hold their Dignity but for a year.* Mark the fears and jealouſies of People with their new deviſe; the Adminiſtration of a Conſulate muſt be annual, leaſt they ſhould deſign to retrieve Monarchy; ſo have I ſeen watch and ward obſerved in a houſe to keep poſſeſſion againſt the true Owner: Lo the difference of Monarchy from other Governments! behold and love it, for if *Fears* and *Jealouſies* may be created ſometimes under it, other Governments are meerly founded upon them; whilſt Monarchy alone is founded upon Law Natural, Age, Authority, Love, Prudence, &c.

Take the *Venetian* State, behold the *Italian* jealouſies, not of their Wives, but of their Governors, the grand Duke muſt not budge out of Town without the leave of the Senate, O pitiful grand Duke! O pitiful *Venetians!* For if the Duke ſhould once go out of Town, the Ducal Coronet bloſſoms into a Crown: and call you This, Liberty? he lives in Slavery, who lives in perpetual fears, a very *Gyus* and *Geta*, who always dreads his Maſters coming. Nor let any man tell me this Eſtate hath laſted a great while, What is inferred

inferred from thence? Nothing of Nature or right Reason in it, tis a forced Government still, wherefore tis wonderful it hath lasted so long, (tis true) because things against Nature use to have a shorter period.

Now admit that *annual* Government were not founded in fears and jealousies, yet still in a Soveraign tis unreasonable and ridiculous; unreasonable, because all Government requires Use and Experience, besides Authority, to answer that infinite dispatch that is expected, but an *annual* Magistracy is confined to so short a term, that the Governor scarce learns how to behave himself, till he is ready to lay it down. All the benefit is, that the annual administration is very convenient for Chronology indeed, but the same convenience would be greater, if they were stated yet shorter: let the Consuls therefore be chosen to hold a month, or as the *Decemviri* were to rule in turn for a day— 'Tis All Boyes-play, Picture and Pageant, Princes of Revels, and Lords of a May time, rather than Government in earnest intended.

Nor do we intend to say that Monarchy is more excellent on the account of its Antiquity, but also for its intrinsick perfection, the most sufficient and responsible to all intents and purposes which brought Government at first

first into the world. I have said tis the Government solely intended by Nature, it cannot be denied but tis the *Standard* of all the rest; for in Aristocracy and Democracy all plurality of votes effect nothing but by virtue of the single Form. They must be of *One* head and one mind, as if *One* single person, else they can determine nothing. Now seeing a *nemine contradicente* is seldome seen, they must be concluded by the *major part*, which major part rightly apprehended, is the spurious Monarch, an Individual *multiplied*, though but *One* in it self, or rather the *many* playing Mercuries part to the Auditors, while all wise men know there is but one *Sofia*.

And what can be required at the hands of Government which is not here found? Justice, we have it in Monarchy: for Kings and Judges of old were the same persons. Honour we have it in Monarchy; Liberty, yea even Liberty, as I shall shew, we have it in Monarchy; Safety from civil discords and seditions, we find in Monarchy: Safety from Enemies abroad; who must go in and out before us but the Monarch? And this the *Antimonarchists* could never wipe off; Three *hundred heads* in time of exigency, in time of war, are feign to have recourse to a *single* person; the *Romans* not long after their *Regifugium*, (that they might

might see that their Rebellion was senseless, when they stood in need of the Government, which they had lately expelled, were forced to pitch upon a General, whom they called indeed a Dictator, to blind poor people, when none could be more absolute King than he.

Here is the tryal of Government, as of the Pilot in a storm; In a calm we may have Liberty — to fish, if we please, but in a Storm we must receive the word of Command. Was it ever heard of in the world, that an Army was led by a Committee, to march up before their Divisions, and menace death to the opposer? O Alas poor souls! they must in their Rank, observe the Right hand Man; and so seeming Commanders, are, indeed Common Souldiers: as soon shall so many Gandars marching before their Divisions be terrible to the Foe.

Yet this is not All: without Monarchy they cannot so much as raise an Army, for the Enemy being at door; To see the ill luck of it, when the Consul musters, and the Tribune disbands as fast, they must chuse a Dictator to make a muster.

You will say this is *pro tempore* only; But what will he said, if all new Forms and Models return at last to their old Monarchs, as the

River will run in its own *alveus*. I must not here recount, what Piques and Stratagems there are or have been laid against *Venice*, much less will I divine how near our unhappy Neighbours are to their Reduction, to de *united*, not against, but under their Head: All the world knows, that the *Roman* State, of *Royal* became *Popular*, and at last *Imperial*.

Here we should be Injurious to the Auditors, if they be not Reminded, That those who have been zealous in violating Monarchy, have commonly given the world sad warning by their remarkable *Exit*. Not one of them who assassined *Cæsar*, which came not to a violent end, and the sutly ill principled Family of *Bruti* shew that this is Heavens perpetual Method; since *Cæsars* assassinate was slain in battel by *Octavius*, as, four hundred years before, his Ancestor was slain by *Arunx*, to teach us, that if we list not to be ruled by the Publick, the Indignation of Heaven will commissionate a private hand to order us; where the *Scepter* will not sway, the *Sword* must. And who can forget the Dire, but most just Fate, of our late *Regicides*, who deserved to be pitied, but that some others do more deserve it, I mean such as will not take warning from their lamentable period. Never shall I wonder, if a dry Gallows

frighteth

frighteth not a Thief, when Exenteration and Quartering deterre not a Traytor; From such a tender Conscience Heaven deliver us.

Yea, but to be free from Tyranny and Arbitrary Rule of a single Person, who often invades Liberty, and Property; violates the Priviledges of the Subject, is not this desirable? Under Monarchy we suffer in our Estates; Taxes, Subsidies drain our purses, and after too great evacuation, leave them gasping for life; whereas under Democracy the People shall be Princes, and in what Government there is, we all shall have a share.

Can this in our case be pleaded still, notwithstanding what hath been just now delivered; I had thought the hints of an Ignominious deserved death should fright us from these abortive dangerous Fancies. I answer fairly, Give me a *free* Republick with all my heart, where I may be free from Slavery and *Treason* too, where I may be free, Body and Soul, from the foul blot of *Rebellion*. The name of Rebel eates into and cankers the flesh, beside it sticks like a curse to the race and line of the attempter; Incest, Blasphemy, Parricide, Sacriledg, four foul offences; but Rebellion, so foul it is, involves Three of them.

Again, let the Objectors Prudence consider

not only the Present, but something of the Future, Who knows what will be after him? we have said and seen with thanks to Heaven, that a banished Prince may return again: In thy Behaviour to the Publick have regard say I to thy own Posterity: thou shalt live but thy while; leave thy Children thy own and thy *Princes* blessing; thy Deeds and Writings perhaps will not secure thy Estate to thy Heirs, unless thou draw up an Act of Oblivion, which since thou canst not do, let thy Heirs have no occasion for it. They who need it for their babes, must, when they dye, pray that the Prince may never be restored, that Right may never take place, which beside the fruitlesness of the wish, how conducible it is to those, who commend themselves to another world, Let any sober man judge.

As for *Tyranny*, and *Arbitrary* Power, Who will give us the definition of a Tyrant? 'tis more easie to asperse, than define. Every charge against a Governor will not amount to Tyranny, as neither every indictment of the Subject will come up to Treason. He who calls a Prince a Tyrant calls him Monster, murders, buries, yea stakes his body; for None is a Tyrant, but he who in spight of all Natural or Divine Laws, doth what he pleaseth; Unless you can insert that *killing* clause of felonious

lonious Indictment, *viz. Having not the fear of God before his eyes*, you are no Subject, but a Viper, and deserve to be trod on, after you have hissed and shewn your teeth. In the vastness of administration, 'tis a miracle, if there be no failures: In the receipt of a sum of thousands, there may be one or two less currant peices without the reproach, I hope, of Thievery or Cheat. How many times doth Innocence it self (to say nothing of unavoidable Oversight) in a Governour, suffer as grievously as wilfull Malice? Even *Lycurgus*, tis a shame to hear it, was affronted, pelted with stones, and driven from his Kingdom: History rings how just he was, and yet how savagely used. And so tis fresh in our memories, how the meekest and most innocent of all Princes was stab'd by the vulgar, by the inscription of *ultimus Tyrannorum*. Naughty men calumniate strongly for their own ends, cry out upon One to set up an hundred Tyrants: Besides that many administrations of Government may be pretended to be Arbitrary, not becaufe they are so, but becaufe they are less usuall, according to some emergencies extraordinary. Some wise men say that in all Supremacy, there must be some use of unconfined and arbitrary Power, which they prove by the confession and

practice of the People, where they arrogate Supremacy; but if This be too high or harsh a string for us, then we say, whatever Tyranny or arbitrary Power signifies, tis a refractary Spirit to cry out upon the best Form, for the apprehensions of those abuses, which have been found in their own tumults and new Models. *Cade* and *Tyler* of old, as He who made the filthy rime to *Magna Charta*, were rascally Tyrants. Arbitrary Government by Arms, Rumps, and Committees; most men, who either love the Republick or their own Estates, do dread the return of such confounded Republiques. To speak what I think, if we search the wound to the bottome, tis an impatiency of all Government, Divine though it be, in an untutored selfish people, that makes them so free in aspersing our Governors; such who have been bred to understand nothing so much as their private interest, instead of good manners or Religion it self.

As to our *Liberty*, we have already said, that just Liberty is not invaded, for unjust and unnatural, why is it desired? what Man, who is truly man, dare stand by the wild notion of the vulgar Liberty? let loose the Felons then, and the Mad-men, the Prisons and Bedlam be broke open in the name of Liberty; And let no man be bound, (That suits

ſuits finely indeed, *To be bound*) no not to their good Behavior. Let all young men, Apprentices, command their Indentures, and renounce or cancel their oathes of faithful ſervice. Let the Tenants deny Service to their Land-Lords, for a Land-Lord is but a linch of Tyranny, and what is Rent, but an exaction of Tribute? by Nature we are all as good, one as another, and as free: let us remove therefore all encroachments (to ſpeak out) of the Rich upon the meaner ſort, and let Right be done, that is, let no great One run away with All, and an Hundred have juſt nothing: Let a through reformation and reſtitution be made of our ancient Liberty, and let Eſtates and Fortunes be ſweetly levelled, for Government is a yoke; do our Lords think to make Brutes of us? This is the ſence not only of the *Roman* Slaves, and Imperial Boors, who break out into ſeditions at every opportunity, but of the poorer ſort among our ſelves; See we the neceſſity of Government! for who can out-vote them, who have moſt voices? It is expedient therefore for them to be inſtructed, that Levelling is Confuſion, neither has Nature made all equal, witneſs the difference of Ages, Statures, Beauties, Parts or Gifts of the Mind. Government is as neceſſary as Breathing, tis called a yoke, but an eaſie one, (and ſo we may call our

garments, if we please, because they are just fit to our bodies and keep them from growing out of shape.) Religion is also called a yoke, and I hope, we are not weary of that. Add, that Liberty is a Faculty of operating according to our Station: We illustrate it by the Members of the Body, who in their Stations have their Freedoms and their *Priviledges* also, but yet exactly keep due order; the Foot may draw on a neat pantofle; the Hand put on a fine perfumed Cordovan; the Foot may walk forward, backward, Stand, Caper, Dance; the Hand may Give, Take, Exercise it self to work or play, But neither may the Hand assassine the Face, or pull out the Eye, nor may one Foot kick against the other. No man hath Liberty to forget himself; Vulgar people, like little Children, think their Liberty is infringed, when the troth is, they are blest with Government; so did I reckon, when I was a Child, that I was in Prison when I was in my good Fathers house, because He pleased to restrain me from some licenciousness, which was indulged in other children: Attend, my dear Country-men, if I had enjoyed my Liberty, I had been undone; I see now that my Fathers restraint was for my good: Liberty is good, but we must not surfeit upon it, a convenient Dose is very proper.

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This being observed, I dare boldly say, there is no true Liberty, such as consists with Natural Order, but under Monarchy. We have branched out its Subordinations (as the Natural Body shoots it self into Limbs) from the Soveraign to the Pesant; As then it is in the Natural Body, the Foot cannot *Petition* to have the arm lopt off, and set it self in its room; so neither can the Pesant on pretence of Liberty challenge the Coat of a Gentleman; nor every Gentleman expect a Patent to be a Baron. In other Commonwealths its called Liberty; It is monstrous deformity or dislocation of Members, where the Leg grows out of the Armpit and its proud of the preferment. But as proud as it is, it is a foul spectacle and the true Augurs will tell you such monstrous Governments ought to be abolished.

Taxes and Tallage are the easiest part of the objection, since Nature requires it, and all Religion allows it is due, every Profession demands a Fee, every Office its Salary; Tis only Rusticks, and want of breeding, who attaint the Priest, the Lawyer, the Physician, for a covetous Generation, while they only expect their Dues: Governors are Ministers attending continually upon the discharge of their Office; And must only they be unpaid for their attendance? your Coach-man and water-man must be considered for their attendance

dance; Bees have more justice, who maintain their Master at the charge of the Hive. If God had made the Governors Immortal, He, not They would have expected Subsidy, but seeing the Prince partakes of the Common Nature, tis barbarously sad to starve Him, and tends to nought, but the change of Government; as they, who lie before a City in hope to famish it, seek to master it.

Now to all experience is it contrary to hope for redress from contribution under a Democracy, the *Romans* cessed the people to purpose, and spared not, they knew the Estates of each Citizen, and they made use of them. It would do one good to consider how free our Neighbour *Estates* are from Assessements and Taxes, or to remember brave *Olivers* ninety thousand pound, with an additament of thirty thousand more to make it up 120000 *lib. per mensem*; Pay your excise for shame, O ye well wishers to Democracy, and mutter not at a round Assessment, for our blessed Democracy brought these knacks into *England*, and Let it not be said that these Oppressions are no pressures, when laid on us by Ignoble Usurpers, but only then, are intollerable, when called for by our Natural Prince; when we will mutter and mutter, fume and smother, till we break out into a flame, and depopulate our Native Country, rather

rather than pay a six pence *Ship-mony* — Oh how long shall we be called an unruly People, who love our Prince, and yet sell him for six pence? When shall we wipe off the reproach, so long thrown in our faces, that the King of *England* is a King of *Furies*, *Rex Caco D— My heart is not hard enough to speak out the word*; Whence comes this foul *Stigma*, upon us? From the Stars? as Mr. *Camden* hath it, or the Temper of our Island? or is it a National Corruption drawn from our *Saxon* Ancestors, (since the *Britains* are of better principles) or were we taught it by those Birds of Prey, those Families, (whose Gentry I question not) who came in with the Conqueror, with this noble Resolution, to *get* what they could, and to *part* with as little as may be. Whencesoever it is, we shall never be *Queen* of Islands, till we have laid by such low Spirited principles, and studied our good name by more noble, more magnific Resolutions.

To conclude, the Last is the most honest plea of all, *viz.* that under *Democracy* we shall have each of us a *share* in the Government, Every man shall take his turn; for Monarchy seems a *Monopoly* of Authority, but we desire a *Free-Trade*, in such Merchandise, many Families will be the better, when the Monopoly

nopoly is divided, as *Alexanders* Empire upon his death made several petty Princes: So it is we would be All Paramount; Tis a very loving proposition, and it will please our Wives be sure: But this is but a dream, a device to possess peoples heads to fool them into turbulency; For Government is no Frolick, no ridiculous sport at Questions and Commands, where the Servant takes his turn of a *Mock-King*, and commands all the House; but Government is a most serious constitution to *profit*, not to please all; implanted in Nature, and Conscience, and hence is it, that in that very sportive *way*, where a Servant is King, he cannot command his Master in all instances of Obedience requirable without egregious Impudence.

No, no; People are to be governed: Not an Army, or a Family, or any multitude can govern it self, they may wish their own conservation and welfare, but they understand not the means conducing thereto. Every member of the Army agrees in Victory or common Safety desired; but the Methods, the Intrigues and Stratagems how to expedite the Whole from *this* danger, or make them Masters of *that* advantage. These are *Arcana*, which the private Souldier doth not comprehend; Some shrewd pates there may be

be among the Country Buskins, and greater Pretenders within the City-Walls, but he would not deserve well of his Majesty, who shall advise him to search the Coffee-Assemblies for Privy Counsellors. Let them be wise, but with submission and a hearty belief that there are many in *Place*, wiser than themselves: Hast thou Sense and Sagacity, be thankful; but thou hast no obligation to be Proud; I will allow thee to be wiser than the *Multitude*, I find it by thy discourse; but if thou art wiser than the *Many*, confess then with me that the Multitude ought not to govern.

I count them well imployed that Religiously inquire into the reasons of Divine Sanctions, of whom at present I would gladly know, wherefore Heaven was pleased to ordein *Successive* Monarchies and not *Elective*. Surely beside the prevention of factious Field-meetings on the Peoples part, and crafty ambitious practices of the competitors side: He did not reckon the People under their pretended state of Liberty, to be competent Electors of their Princes: the Votes of a Commonalty can do much, yet it is still questionable, whether any voting themselves to be wise and prudent, can effectually make them such. So irrational is the claim of choosing their Soveraign, when they have neither

neither Power nor Skill to intitle them to it: For if they had power, it would yet be an offence, not to call in wiſer than themſelves to their aſſiſtance: As the *wife*, though ſhe hath unqueſtionable power, to chooſe her Husband, tranſgreſſeth the rule, if ſhe hearkeneth not to the advice of her Parents. For how eaſie is the People, how *ductile*, hammered to all dimenſions, and degrees of tenuitie, a cunning Sophiſter can lead them with a twin'd thread of Rhetorick, to be *Pompeians* to day, and *Ceſarians* to morrow. So tottering, and ſo unballaſted are their Judgements, that they turn with every tide, and comply with the wantonneſs of the wave, if any wind be ſtirring. Intoxicated with falſe principles, (and ſuch 'tis eaſie to infuſe,) they will meet in great bodies, as if acted by Divine *inſtinct*; So will minute Fiſhes meeting in ſhoals overturn a Navy; and an Army of Graſhoppers blaſt and burn up all that is goodly in the Land. They ſay they are *Free-born*, but they are kin to him, who would ſell his Birth-right; for Beef and Country Ale will marſhal a Province. You may diſcover their *Character* by their abilities in *Spirituals*: One paultry lying Spirit will found a numerous new Sect, which will ſtand at defiance with Humanity it ſelf: But if ſome men will ſtrive

to

to forget their most amiable duty of Allegiance, or, in spite of Conscience, throw it off, we shall hope still, that Monarchy will perpetually flow with the largest streams of time, that the English *Roses* will never be blasted in these our gardens: That the Royal Thistle shall avenge it self upon all unhallowed fingers, that the *Genius* of the Nation, the *Bent* of our Gentry, the *Sublimity* of our Peers, the *Learning*, Principles, and Spirit of our Clergy, I may add, the Flower of *London* its noble City and Lieutenancy, beside the Dignity of our Island, the Fame of our Ancestors (and what can I say more? except I should add the Decree of Heaven, of which I hope these are no contemptible arguments) will appear against all restless designs of ignoble Republicks, wherever contrived at Club or Coffee-meeting, and that the publick shouts of *England* and Dominion of *Wales* upon every occasion shall by ringing their Loyal Ejaculations make *Holy-day* in the Air, while Heavens applauding, and the Earth dancing a Saraband, the Mountains shall answer the voices of Man, Woman and Child with the dutiful thundring rebound of, *God save the* KING.

FINIS.

Errata.

PAge 164. line 12. inconsiderate. p. 169. l. 8. for Substitutions. p. 170. l. 15. Verd. 172. l. 16. *dele* and p. 174. *Syrus.*

Books sold by *Obadiah Blagrave* at the *Bear* in St. *Pauls* Church-yard, *viz.*

DR. *Gell* on the New Testament, in *Folio*.

Phillips English Dictionary, explaining all hard English words, in *Folio*. price 12 *s.*

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St. *Clement's* Epistles translated out of the Greek.

A Treatise of Taxes and Contributions by Sir *William Pitt.*